HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLI.—No. 2091.

Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

SNOW-BUCKING ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD."]

Ploughing through a Drift at Forty Miles an Hour.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, January 16, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MAILING-TUBES.

Upon request, copies of Harper's Weekly *will be mailed by the publishers in pasteboard tubes to any subscriber for seventy-five cents a year in addition to the regular subscription price. Single copies will be sent as above upon receipt of two cents extra per copy.*

A CIVIL SERVICE OBJECT-LESSON.

It has always been one of the favorite arguments of the spoils politicians that the head of a government department or other public office will know best what qualifications his subordinates should possess, and that being responsible for the conduct of the public business in his charge, he should be left entirely free to select his subordinates according to his sense of responsibility and his judgment of the fitness of the candidates for the work to be done. This has a plausible sound. But the civil service reformers reply that according to general experience the heads of government departments or other public offices are, under the spoils system, not at all left free to select their subordinates according to their own sense of responsibility and their own judgment; that, on the contrary, the selections are made for them and forced upon them by influential party politicians or party organizations; and that almost uniformly such selections are determined by personal or political reasons with which the interest of the public service has nothing to do. As to this matter, we have at present an object-lesson in this city which sheds a flood of light upon the subject.

The office of District Attorney having become vacant, the Governor appointed to that place Mr. William K. Olcott, a man of very respectable standing in the community, and a zealous member of the Republican party. According to the contention of the opponents of civil service reform, Mr. Olcott must be left entirely free to select men for the places under him, for his sense of responsibility for their conduct forbids him to employ as his subordinates persons who have not been selected by him personally for their ability and trustworthiness. We must therefore picture to ourselves Mr. Olcott as he passes in review the persons employed in the office by his predecessor, trying to find among them men whose experience and record of service render their retention in place desirable in the public interest. Such men he will, of course, retain, for his sense of responsibility will not permit him to forget that thus the public good will be most effectually served. He will dismiss only those of the incumbents whom upon conscientious inquiry he finds unfit for their work; and in order to fill vacancies he will scan the whole circle of his acquaintance to discover the very best men for the places to be filled. He may pay due regard to suggestions offered by friends in whose discernment and good faith he places especial confidence; but under no circumstances will he permit anybody to interfere with that freedom of selection which his understanding of the duties of the office and his sense of responsibility oblige him to preserve.

This is what Mr. Olcott, if the contention of the opponents of civil service reform were more than a mere pretence, would have done. What did he really do? He did not say that nobody should interfere with his freedom of selection. He did not pick out from the existing force and from the circle of his acquaintance the persons whom, according to his knowledge of the work to be done, he himself thought fittest. He knew that the Republican party machine would insist upon his dismissing substantially the whole force of the office because they were Democrats, or rather because they were not Republican machine men, and upon his filling those places with Republicans designated by the machine. Knowing this, he frankly asked the machine, the Republican district assemblies or leaders, to designate to him the men whose appointment they wished.

To maintain that such a practice is good for the public welfare, the opponents of civil service reform would have to show that Republican district assemblies or district leaders such as we have in the city of New York are the proper authorities to guide the head of an important office in exercising his responsible freedom of selecting his subordinates. We must therefore picture to ourselves politicians of that class as looking round with conscientious care to find among their acquaintances men of high ability, acquirements, and character, who may be presented to the District Attorney as just the persons he needs to discharge the complex and arduous duties of his office with benefit to the community and with honor to himself. We must confess that our imagination is unequal to such a task. The thought that those district assemblies or district leaders would seek out and designate men for appointment to office solely or mainly on account of eminent fitness in point of character, ability, and acquirements, simply to afford the best possible aid to an officer in the discharge of very important and responsible duties, is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. Mr. Olcott himself knows as well as everybody else knows that when such politicians recommend anybody for office it is only by way of reward for services rendered to the machine, or of inducement for services to be rendered to the machine, or both; and that, if they pay any regard at all to the question of fitness for the duties to be performed, it is only in a slighting, disdainful way to save appearances. They want the offices filled only with persons of their own kind.

But if the party machine selects for him persons whom he does not want, Mr. Olcott will, as he says, put in his "veto." Now do not the same motives which induced him to let the party machine select candidates for the places under him also exist for his accepting and appointing those candidates? And if he should reject some of them will not the party machine urge upon him others of the same kind and for the same class of reasons? And will he not finally have to accept persons so selected for him by the party machine? This, at least, is what this whole process of selection is intended for. And thus all the talk of the spoils politicians about the freedom of selecting his subordinates to be exercised by the head of an important office, which freedom should not be encroached upon by civil service rules, is punctured by themselves as a brazen pretence, an imposture, and a snare.

How, then, would that freedom of selection be affected by the civil service rules? The Civil Service Commission would examine candidates for each vacancy in the District Attorney's office, not as to the political service they have rendered or are expected to render to the party machine, but in each case with direct reference to the duties to be performed. The three candidates who come out of that examination with the highest ratings as to fitness will be presented to the District Attorney. From among these he freely selects the one who suits him best for the place to be filled. The other two he rejects with his veto. The one selected by him is appointed first on probation, then formally. But whenever the District Attorney finds good cause for dissatisfaction with the conduct of that person he can dismiss him, thus again using his veto; and he will find it much easier to dismiss a man so appointed than a machine candidate, for whose protection the whole party machine would rise up in arms if he were threatened with removal.

Now we ask any unprejudiced citizen which of the two methods of appointment is the better for the head of a public office as well as for the public good? Mr. Olcott himself will, inwardly at least, fully agree with us before he is many weeks older. Indeed, he appears already to be willing to accept the application to his office of civil service rules which will save him from his friends.

THE TARIFF HEARINGS.

The tariff hearings before the Ways and Means Committee are what such hearings have always been, and what they will always be so long as it is the understanding that the government is to continue to exercise its taxing power for the benefit of private citizens and special industries. An invitation to appear at Washington issued to persons interested in changing an existing tariff is invariably accepted by the manufacturers as an official announcement that another chance is about to be offered them to get something more out of the tax-payers. They flock to Washington, therefore, with requests for more, while the consumers remain at home. The latter are as deeply interested as the protected manufacturers, but they do not go to Washington to state their grievances, for they are many and are not united, and only very rarely some one thinks of going for them. From one point of view the consumers are more seriously concerned than the manufacturers, for they pay the bills. Last year the consumers of the country paid to the Treasury directly in tariff taxes $160,500,000, and many times more than that, of course, in the increase in the prices of domestic goods, made possible by the high tariff taxes on the foreign competing articles.

A hearing before the Ways and Means Committee is a holiday for those who are seeking more protection, which means more wealth bestowed upon them by the government at the expense of the consumers. Now and then some member of the minority of the committee suggests that the tax-payers should be considered, and brings out something on the cross-examination of some seeker after government assistance which shows how little thought is wasted on the feelings or wishes of those who pay the taxes. At the very outset of these hearings, for example, Mr. McMillan discovered a manufacturer of chlorate of potash who wishes to impose a tax of 70 per cent. on the foreign product, in order that he may sell his own product at a much higher price than that which he is able to charge at present. This higher price is to be charged for an article of general use not because its worth or scarcity commands the extra price, but the law is to be invoked in order that this one manufacturer and fifty working-men—no more all told—may prosper in a business which otherwise cannot pay its expenses in this country. The seeker after benefits humorously explained that the increased price that he would charge would not be greater than that which the consumer used to pay. Therefore it is to be presumed the victim would soon get used to the additional burden, and perhaps even enjoy it. The government used to charge twenty-five cents for carrying a letter from Boston to Washington, and now we pay two cents for the same service. If some express company should suggest to the government that it turn over the postal service to it and permit it to charge for the same service what the people used to pay in the early century, the proposition would, of course, be regarded as an emanation of lunacy; but if the expressman were taken seriously at all, he would be looked upon as a selfish cynic who, for his own pecuniary advantage, was not unwilling to bring the government into actual and threatening conflict with the people.

There is a good deal of this cynicism underlying the appeals for more protection. In this hearing it has been disclosed not only by the manufacturer of potash, but by others. When the Wilson act was passed, Senator Aldrich, speaking for the cotton manufacturers of New England, expressed complete satisfaction with the cotton schedule. Indeed, it is well known that the cotton manufacturers practically made the schedule. But now Mr. Chace, of Mr. Aldrich's own State, is on hand swift to take advantage of one more opportunity to prevail upon the government to help him and his fellows, at the expense of the general public, to get a little higher price for their goods. Even the condemned and hated sugar trust sends its agent to Washington for the purpose of looking after its interest and getting a little more support for it. There is a general feeling, apparently, that the government should exercise all its taxing power for the purpose of preventing a fall in prices. Inventions and discoveries, despite the law, have actually brought down the cost of the necessaries of life by enormously reducing the cost of production, but the beneficiaries of the protective system, during the twenty two or three years in which the most marvellous strides have been made in cheapening production, have done their utmost, through the taxing power of the government, to prevent the benefits of this modern progress from reaching the consumers. The argument of the potash man has always been handy. Let the consumers continue to pay the prices to which they have been accustomed, to bear the burdens to which their backs are used. The blessings of cheapened production belong to those who profit by tariff taxes, not to those who pay them.

We say all this not only because it is true, not only because the Ways and Means Committee room is once more the gathering-place of hungry seekers after public alms, but because the present attempt to secure additional plunder is especially inopportune. We have not spoken of the plan to revise the tariff as one for the purpose of procuring more revenue, because not a single person of any influence or power in Congress has shown the slightest desire to devise or favor any method for increasing the revenues. If the Ways and Means Committee had set about the task of securing more revenue, Mr. Dingley would not have invited the manufacturers to Washington to tell him and his associates how much more protection they wanted. He would have invited statistical experts who could tell him the revenue-producing tax on each article. He did not ask for expert opinion on this point, and he did ask the manufacturers to express their wants. Therefore it appears that this is a movement for more plunder, and not a movement for more revenue. This movement, we repeat, is especially inopportune at this time, because it is a

historical fact that the BRYAN revolt is a bad outcome of a proper protest against just such legislation as Mr. DINGLEY and his associates, political and manufacturing, have in contemplation.

For the Republican leaders thus to insist on further protection, and on making such ostentatious display of their intention to use the power they have acquired for the purpose of enacting new class legislation for the beneficiaries of protection, is to invite a greater and more dangerous revolt against the institutions of the country than that which BRYAN led. They have sowed the wind, and they and the country have had a terrible warning of the crop that we shall gather if they persist in their old policy. We heard much talk during the campaign of a tariff for revenue. We heard it especially from Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. HANNA. We have hoped that this talk might mark the beginning of a new Republican policy. If any Republican leader be sincere, if he be able and willing to send one ray of enlightened policy into the dull and sordid spirit that has for so many years governed his party, let him urge his fellow-partisans to drop the present agitation, which must cost the country millions of dollars, and to accept the plan suggested by Assistant Secretary HAMLIN, of a commission of experts, who will frame a revenue tariff which can be adopted as law after a sufficient interval to permit business to arrange itself for it as it cannot arrange itself for a law made by a combination of complaisant but inexpert politicians and shrewd manufacturers. For in anticipation of such a law business waits in suspense and distress, either not daring to move at all, or else forced into a too rapid movement, involving serious and ruinous sacrifices. But whatever is to be done, above all things the Republican leaders should avoid any course that can augment the great army of the dissatisfied that, nearly 6,500,000 strong, followed BRYAN at the last election.

TWO "BOSS"-RULED STATES.

EACH of the two most populous and wealthy States in the Union is dominated by a political boss. They are not new States. They are as old as the government. In their day they have been conspicuous in patriotic uprisings. They are now not only inhabited by prosperous and intelligent people, but they are centres of education and refinement. In each State are great cities, whose society is adorned by men of learning on the bench and at the bar, in medicine and in the pulpit, and by honorable and distinguished men of business. One of these cities is the metropolis of the country. And both New York and Philadelphia boast of universities which rank among the first in the Union.

A picture of these two democracies might be truthfully set forth which would induce the stranger to believe that here, if anywhere, the ideals of popular government have been realized. But in reality there is nothing baser or more revolting in modern life than the political conditions of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. The government of the State of New York is controlled by THOMAS C. PLATT, and that of the State of Pennsylvania by MATTHEW S. QUAY, as completely as if they were mediæval despotisms, ruled by absolute and irresponsible monarchs. So far as Mr. PLATT is concerned, he is as yet under no obligation to render an account of his stewardship. In law he is merely a private citizen; in fact he is the ruler of New York. With Mr. QUAY it is somewhat different. He is a United States Senator, and must therefore present himself from time to time for re-election. Perhaps this explains the fact that some opposition to his rule has been manifested in the Pennsylvania Legislature. Despite this opposition at Harrisburg, however, which is ineffective, the laws of these two great States are those which Mr. PLATT and Senator QUAY dictate. The officers of the States, from the Governors down, are the men whom these two "bosses" appoint. The United States Senators are those whom the Legislature elect at the dictation of the real rulers of the State.

On the 5th of this month Senator QUAY'S majority in the Legislature of Pennsylvania chose for United States Senator a young man named BOISE PENROSE, against whose candidacy for the Mayoralty of Philadelphia the virtuous voters of that city protested effectually. On the same day the young man whom Mr. PLATT has made Governor of New York sent a message to the Legislature, in which, for the delectation of his master, he had inserted an ignorant assault on the merit system for the civil service. During the winter, it is expected that this Governor will appoint to responsible offices the men whom PLATT selects, no matter how unfit or how corrupt they may be. It is expected that the Legislature will pass the laws that Mr. PLATT desires. The statute-book of the session will be the work of THOMAS C. PLATT. He will give the Greater New York its charter. He will bestow upon the liquor interest whatever he sees fit. The millions borrowed for canal improvement will be expended by his creatures. He will decree what taxes shall be imposed upon the people, and the manner in which the money shall be expended. The like will happen in Pennsylvania as to every matter in which Senator QUAY may be interested.

In these two States the form of popular government is preserved, but the substance is lost. The people do not govern themselves. They do not make their own laws through their representatives. They have no representatives except in name. They are governed by machines, which, in their turn, are controlled by two men of evil character and reputation. In all the history of popular government nothing so utterly abominable and disheartening has been known. Tammany is vile, but its power and influence are limited. Here we have Tammany methods and corruptions spread over these two great, intelligent, and wealthy States.

If the majority of the voters of New York and Pennsylvania possess any of the virtue that was manifested by the voters of this city in 1894, they will be so thoroughly aroused by the spectacle of defiant bossism and servile obedience which is presented at Albany and Harrisburg, that the struggle for good government will enter upon a new stage, and acquire a new impulse and a new fury of just and righteous indignation. If such be the result of the shame of this winter, we may sustain the evil days better because of the confident hope that eventually good is to come out of them.

MILITARY SERVICE REFORM.

THE National Guard of the State of New York is deeply interested in the result of what on the face of it seemed to be an unimportant scandal. The retiring Inspector-General made his annual report but two days before the Governor, during whose pleasure he held office, was to retire from his Governorship. He sent his report to the Governor direct, instead of to the Adjutant-General, as regularity required, and he at the same time thoughtfully provided the newspapers not only with copies, but with comments, by which he made it clear that the Adjutant-General, through whom he omitted to send it, was peculiarly the object of criticisms that were in terms directed at "the staff of the Commander-in-Chief." The Commander-in-Chief, the Governor, took his, or his Adjutant-General's, revenge by dismissing the Inspector-General the day before unswerving fate would have turned him out, the appointment of his successor by the incoming Governor having already been announced. The incident has so disturbed the National Guard that the propriety has been mooted in it of separating "the Governor's staff" from the National Guard altogether, excepting the Adjutant-General. What function would be left to the staff does not appear. They might still of course attend the Governor on occasions of ceremony, mounted and gorgeously caparisoned with trappings not authorized by the regulations, and their critics maintain, with considerable plausibility, that that is virtually all they do now.

Nevertheless, the remedy does not appear either adequate or appropriate. The Constitution of the United States sets forth that a well-regulated militia is essential to the security of a free State. Of late years, what with rumors of wars and with the reality of labor troubles, there has been an increasing tendency to put this piece of ancestral wisdom into practice. The WEEKLY, as its readers know, has done its share of chronicling and depicting the improvements that have been made in the efficiency of the National Guard of the Eastern States. The general government has contributed to it by providing a professional inspection for the naval as well as for the land militia. But it cannot be said that the Governors of New York have kept it very steadily in view in the selection of their staffs, who have commonly been chosen out of political gratitude or personal friendship. In one instance the State of New York was very fortunate, and that was in the selection of the late General PORTER as Adjutant-General. This office is the one salaried office of the Governor's staff. Although General PORTER was known at the time of his appointment as the commander of a crack regiment, the appointment seems to have been a happy accident. It was more than vindicated, for he proved to be a very industrious, intelligent, and zealous official, and he fairly earned a reappointment. The failure to reappoint a man whose fitness had been so conspicuously proved could scarcely fail to injure the efficiency of the service for which he had done so much. In any department of the civil service of the State it would have been generally resented; and that it was not resented indicates that a like reform is needed in the military service.

The remedy does not seem to lie in detaching the Governor's staff from the National Guard, from which, indeed, it is not detachable. It lies in the direction of a reform such as has been made in the civil service. The staff appointments of the National Guard should not be treated as "patronage," to be used in paying political or social debts, but as opportunities of public service to be bestowed upon those who are likely to make the best use of them. The Adjutant-General, in virtue of his salary, is the one professional soldier in the National Guard. The salary is sufficient to attract a professional soldier of the rank of a field-officer. But it seems that a professional soldier must be also a man of unusual tact to understand the difference between citizen soldiers and "enlisted men." In default of such a professional soldier, the appointment should evidently be by selection from the National Guard itself, and by selection with a single view to military efficiency. The same rule should obtain concerning the other appointments to the Governor's staff. Every head of a staff department has serious duties to perform. To appoint him without reference to his fitness to discharge them, or for any other reason than his fitness, is an indignity to the National Guard and an injustice to the people of the State, who pay every year for the support of the Guard a large sum, which is wasted, so far as it is not spent under the most competent supervision that can be obtained. It is gratifying to observe that this is the view taken by Governor BLACK in his inaugural address, for he recommends that the Adjutant-General should be "taken out of politics," and have a permanent tenure of office, and suggests that this principle be extended to the whole of the staff.

THE QUEBEC BISHOPS AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

THE Roman Catholic hierarchy in the province of Quebec are evidently disinclined to accept the verdict of the Canadian elections held last June. Though their instructions to the faithful were disregarded, and Mr. LAURIER'S policy on the Manitoba school question was triumphantly endorsed, they have never ceased to reaffirm their original position. Their latest action, however, is one of exceeding gravity, and threatens serious consequences to the civil rights of the whole French-Canadian population of the Dominion. *L'Electeur*, one of the most prominent Liberal newspapers in Quebec, has been put under the ban by the bishops of the archdiocese in that province, and the faithful have been forbidden to read, buy, sell, or in any way encourage it, under penalty of grievous sin and the refusal of the sacraments. In consequence of this mandement, M. PACAUD, editor of *L'Electeur*, has suspended publication, and proposes to seek redress in the civil courts. It is understood he intends to take action for $5000 damages against each of the bishops who signed the mandement. These are Archbishop BEGIN, of Quebec, Bishop LAFLÈCHE, of Three Rivers, Bishop GRAVEL, of Nicolet, Bishop BLAIS, of Rimouski, and Bishop LABRECQUE, of Chicoutimi. We mention them because of the exceptional prominence which their names are likely to have in the contest which they have challenged, and which can hardly fail to result in disaster to the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec. With the exception of the first named, all have been long known as ecclesiastical reactionaries of a bigoted type, and Bishop LAFLÈCHE has publicly proclaimed his regret that the Holy Inquisition was abolished. Such a mandement from such a source is not surprising, and has roused French and English speaking Canadians alike in indignant protest against it. The gist of *L'Electeur's* offence was that it published certain articles, and also a pamphlet, asserting the supremacy of the state in civil affairs, and denying the right of the Church to dictate to the Catholic elector how he shall vote upon such a question as the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba. The Quebec bishops utterly refuse to separate the civil and ecclesiastical spheres in their pronouncements on the Manitoba question, and the popular inference is that they do not intend to recognize any such distinction at all. In this respect they are unlike their brethren in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, who generally abstain from interference with the political views of their parishioners.

It is also reported that another mandement will be issued, denouncing the settlement of the Manitoba school question, and threatening extreme spiritual penalties to those French members of Parliament who refuse to put themselves on record against it. This would be a direct challenge to fifty Liberal members from Quebec. On the whole, it is clear from the protests of the press in Quebec, and from a chorus of strong dissent coming alike from Catholics and Protestants, that the action of the bishops is fully appreciated and will be stoutly resisted. Mass-meetings are being called, and strongly worded resolutions will express the opinions held on the question of clerical interference. The bishops' challenge to Canadian citizenship seems all the more inexplicable because inviting a contest almost similar to that in which they were so recently worsted. They have no ground of hope that the Quebec electorate will reverse its decision of last June, nor have they any reason to think that the penalties which proved powerless then will avail now. It is not the French Canadians, but their bishops, who fail to recognize that 1897 is not 1697, and that the forging of ecclesiastical thunder has not much terror for the upright voter.

DESIGNS UPON THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR.

THE attention of persons who smoke five-cent cigars is respectfully directed to the statements made by Mr. H. S. FRYE, of Windsor, Connecticut, on January 4, before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. The committee was trying to get information as to a proper tariff for tobacco. Mr. FRYE told them that the Connecticut tobacco-growers did well until it was discovered that Sumatra produced a wrapper leaf with which they could not possibly compete. In 1890 they went to Washington, got a duty that they thought would be their salvation, and did fairly well for a year or two, until the duty was lowered, and the Sumatra wrappers began to surge in again. "What New-Englanders need," frankly disclosed Mr. FRYE, "is a really protective duty, which will enable us to furnish tobacco for the five-cent cigar, the grade most commonly used. It is absurd to say that we cannot raise enough tobacco wrapper leaf in this country to supply our factories." All that the American growers desired, he added, was a duty which would enable them to wrap the cheap five-cent cigar.

There would be no objection to the American growers wrapping the five-cent cigar if they would also smoke it. The trouble with their case is that they insist upon wrapping for another to consume. If the sun shines longer *per diem* in Sumatra than in Connecticut, and tobacco grows better there, it seems hard that the five-cent cigar of American commerce should be barred from such amelioration as the superiority of the Sumatra wrappers might induce, more particularly as Uncle Sam's revenue would be decreased by such a prohibitory tariff as Connecticut clamors for.

BOYS OF "THE STREET ORDERLY" SYSTEM AT WORK ON ONE OF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARES.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

VI.—LONDON.

LONDON is the most unsatisfactory town imaginable as a place in which to study municipal administration. It is an agglomeration of separate communities.

The "County Council," which controls the whole area in a general way and for some specific purposes, has no voice in the direction of local affairs—beyond establishing standards below which local work must not fall.

The "City" of London occupies a central area covering only one square mile in the heart of the town. It has a night population of only about 37,000, but its day population is about eight times as large, while more than a million persons enter it on every week-day, and its street traffic is enormous, nearly a hundred thousand carriages entering it daily. Surrounding this on all sides are some forty independent parishes and districts, each with its own local Vestry or Board which directs all its local municipal affairs. The entire population of London is not far from five millions. There is no conspicuous dividing-line between the parishes; it is one great, solidly built town, with much uniformity of appearance. It is only when one attempts to study its methods of public work that its composite character appears.

The methods followed in the City are, in a general way, a type of the whole—varied in almost every case in minor details, to learn all of which would result in little valuable addition to common knowledge of street-cleaning operations. I shall therefore confine my remarks mainly to what is done in the City. The work here is under the control of the "Commissioners of Sewers," whose engineer directs it. It includes street-cleaning, street watering and washing, dusting, and removal of trade refuse. The force employed in 1896 consisted of 200 men, 180 boys, and 99 horses. There were used 79 vans, 16 water-wagons, with sweeping-machines, etc.

The arrangement of the work is as follows: All of the streets are swept daily, and in hot weather the main thoroughfares are squeegeed two or three times a day. The boys constituting "the street orderly" system work on all the main streets, and on some of the secondary ones. These active youngsters with their pans and brushes gather up the horse-droppings almost as they fall, emptying them into boxes fixed for the purpose at the edge of the sidewalk. They begin work at 7.30 A.M., and cease at 4.30 P.M. in winter and 5 P.M. in summer. On the more important streets they are kept at work three hours later, with excellent effect. The sweeping, by hand and with machines, is done entirely at night, after eight o'clock, when carriage traffic is nearly over. It continues until eight or nine in the morning. The streets are thus subjected to almost continuous hand-cleansing. In addition to this, when the weather is suitable and when it is useful to do so, they are washed with the hose and jet. This must always be done late at night, when nearly all carriage traffic has ceased.

The courts and alleys occupied by the poorer classes are cleaned every day by the manual forces, and from April to October they are washed two or three times a week. Some places are washed nearly every night throughout the year. About 25,000,000 gallons (United States) of water are used in this way.

The sidewalks are swept as occasion requires, and in hot weather they are cleaned with squeegees in the daytime.

The collection of street-sweepings, refuse, and rubbish is very large, and is increasing, as is the cost of the work. In 1895 there were collected 30,812 loads of "street-sweepings and slop," and 41,821 loads of house and trade refuse. The total removal of the year averages 233 loads per day for six days in the week. The engineer reports, with regard to trade refuse, that the habit of throwing it "into the dust-bins or other receptacles which should be used only for the ashes and ordinary house refuse appears to be much on the increase, and if this continues it must add largely to the cost of collection and the difficulty of getting rid of it when collected. It never was contemplated that the Commission should remove trade refuse without being adequately paid for it. To do so is to benefit particular traders at the expense of the citizens generally."

I ask for this quotation the very thoughtful attention of those "traders" in New York who feel themselves greatly aggrieved if the city ash-carts are even slow or irregular in removing the refuse of their business. The complainers are always "tax-payers," but they seem to disregard the rights of their fellow-citizens not to have their taxes saddled with the cost of other men's business processes.

The collections of all kinds are taken to a wharf on the south side of the Thames, where they are roughly sorted. What is valuable as manure is boated away to the country. All else, after the saleable refuse is culled out, is shot into a "destructor," or cremator. This apparatus works day and night throughout the year, save for fifteen to twenty days, when it is stopped for repairs and cleaning. By the last report it destroyed in the year 23,117 loads (66 loads per day), leaving about 22½ per cent. of "ashes and clinkers more or less hard but valueless, and for the removal of which the Commission had to pay."

As is the case in so many other places, the question of final disposition is engaging the very serious attention of the authorities. In competition with concentrated fertilizers, street manure will not bear distant transportation. As populations grow larger the increasing output adds to the difficulty, and there seems to be no escape from the requirement for the conversion of the material into an inoffensive product, by an inoffensive process, within a practicable distance of the point of production.

English opinion seems to have become fixed on cremation as the only adequate means of relief. At the same time it is not yet shown that cremation can be carried on without giving rise to nuisance, or at least to annoyance. Mr. Codrington, engineering inspector of the Local Government Board, in his report of 1888 as to twenty depots at which destructors had been erected, said: "Experience has shown that town refuse can be effectually burned in destructors and other furnaces without causing nuisance or offence at or about the works themselves," but he adds that complaints are received of "fine dust, and sometimes of charred paper, proceeding from the chimney and falling at some little distance off," also of "an offensive smell which, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, can be recognized at some distance on the leeward side of the chimney." If the chimney is built high enough to protect the immediate neighborhood, the annoyance is only carried to more distant points. The only thing that is clear about the whole matter is that municipalities will have to face a greatly increased outlay to protect the people against the results of the increased production of wastes which *must* be got rid of, and the cost of whose disposal advances in progressive ratio as the material to be dealt with grows greater.

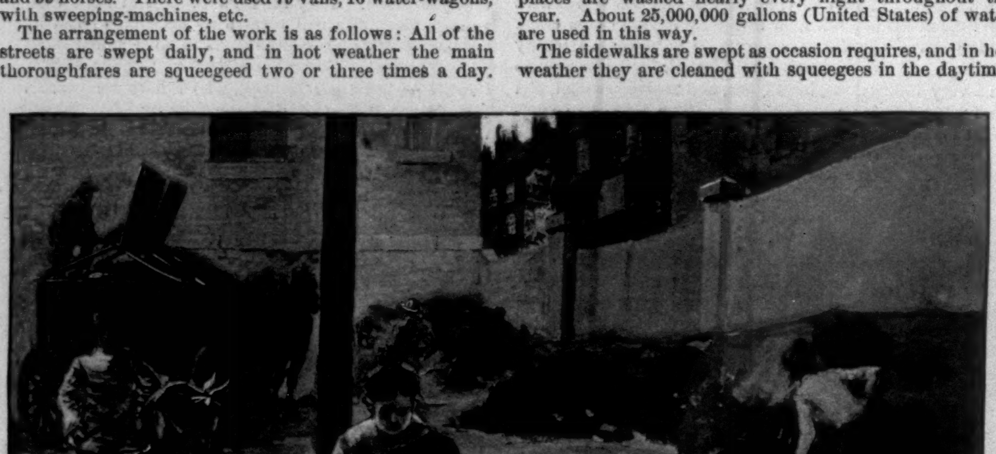
WASHING THE STREETS AT NIGHT WITH HOSE.

In 1893 the medical officer and the engineer of the London County Council made a report on "dust-destructors"—"dust" being the English for all manner of household wastes. It was calculated that the yearly quantity collected amounts to "about 260 tons per 1000 of the population. This would be about 1,300,000 tons for all London, or about 580 pounds for each person.*

The analysis of the material shows that it contains about 8 per cent. (or 104,000 tons) of what would be saleable in New York, including paper, bottles, broken glass, tin cans, bones, rags, and metals. No account is here made of wood, rubber shoes, leather shoes, hats, corks, strings, and some other trifles which are culled for sale by the "scow-trimmers" of New York.

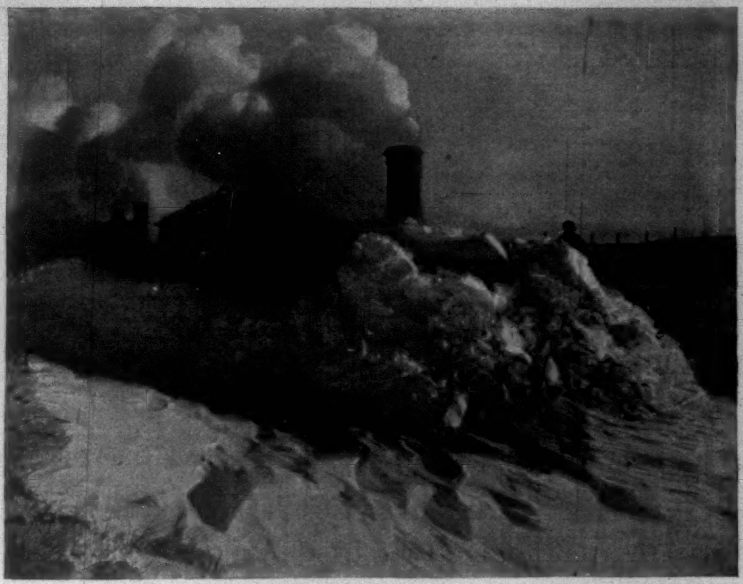
At depots where cremation is not in use the method of handling is essentially the same as that described by Dr. Ballard in his report to the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board in 1878, which is briefly as follows:

The dust is dumped in the yard, where men and boys proceed to sort it, dragging the heap over with forks and rakes, collecting the bones, rags, etc., etc. These are assorted into heaps and baskets. What is left is sifted to recover the bits of unburned coal. "The sifting is per-

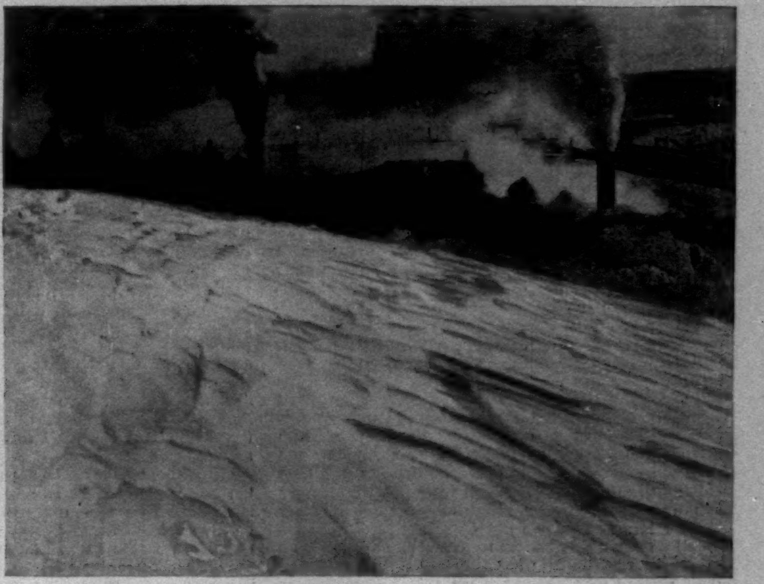


SIFTING RUBBISH IN THE DUST-YARD.

* The annual output in New York is not far from 1250 pounds per person.



A BLOCKED PLOUGH-TRAIN.



PLOUGH-TRAIN GOING FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

SNOW-BUCKING ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—[See "This Busy World."]

formed usually by women who sit on or close to the heaps, having one or more baskets by their side and a riddle in their hands. A shovelful from the heap is shaken in the riddle, and the ashes and dust having passed through, what remains on the riddle is examined, and bones, potatoes, bits of iron, etc., not removed by the first dragging process are picked out." The coal and coke are thrown on a separate heap. He says: "The sorting process is a degrading occupation. The women employed are often seen covered almost to the waist with refuse, and they continually inhale into their lungs air polluted by the surrounding accumulations of dust." Large heaps of material are almost always to be found in the contractors' yards. The removal by barge, on which London is so dependent, is often interrupted by ice; the cargoes taint the air along the banks of the canals, and even when they reach their destination the question of rendering them innocuous is still unanswered. The natural solution is to shoot the stuff "in some sparsely inhabited district where public opinion is not strong enough effectually to resent its being deposited." This was written nearly twenty years ago, and the case has grown worse year by year.

The report of 1893 says: "The merit of the destructor is, however, in a sense, the main drawback to its popularity. The old system enjoys the great advantage that it quickly removes all cause of offence from general view, and few persons trouble themselves about the railway siding or the canal wharf or the shoot in the country. The destructor, if it is to establish the claim that it deals with the refuse from the outset, must be situated near inhabited houses, and its chimney cannot fail to excite attention. Again, if the destructor causes nuisance, it will mainly affect those living at a considerable distance from it, and thus it excites opposition not of the inhabitants of houses in the poorer districts, which presumably exist in the neighborhood of the depot, but of the richer and much more critical population living half a mile or a mile away. It thus happens that while few complaints are received concerning crude forms of furnace with short chimney shafts such as are found in many dust-yards, and are used sometimes merely for burning paper, sometimes for dealing with vegetable refuse and ordinary house dust, considerable objection is made to much more perfect appliances furnished with lofty chimney shafts." The final conclusion is that every appliance should be of the best, and should be carefully worked and managed, "and under these conditions we think that the destruction of refuse by fire may be effected with success and without the production of nuisance."

The "City" is more important than any other single district of London; but it will not be without interest to refer briefly to the parish of Paddington, which has its disposal works on the basin of a canal connecting with the system by which the northern part of London is served, and whence barges are sent into the country.

Paddington wharf was suggested to me as a good point to visit, because it has not only the depot of the parish itself, but also the works of two contractors who clean the parishes of St. George (Hanover Square), St. James, and Marylebone. Simple machinery supplemented by hand-labor is used in the sorting. At the Paddington depot, which is well paved and drained and well kept, twenty-seven hands are employed, about half of the number being women. The work is carried on under cover. During the year ('95–6) 27,445 loads of dust were collected. The weekly range of loads was from 383 to 663. There were abstracted from this, 313½ (gross) tons of saleable material, as follows: coal, 9 tons; bones, 55 tons; rags, 144 tons; iron, 60 tons; various other metals, 4½ tons; white glass. 14 tons; colored glass, 36 tons.

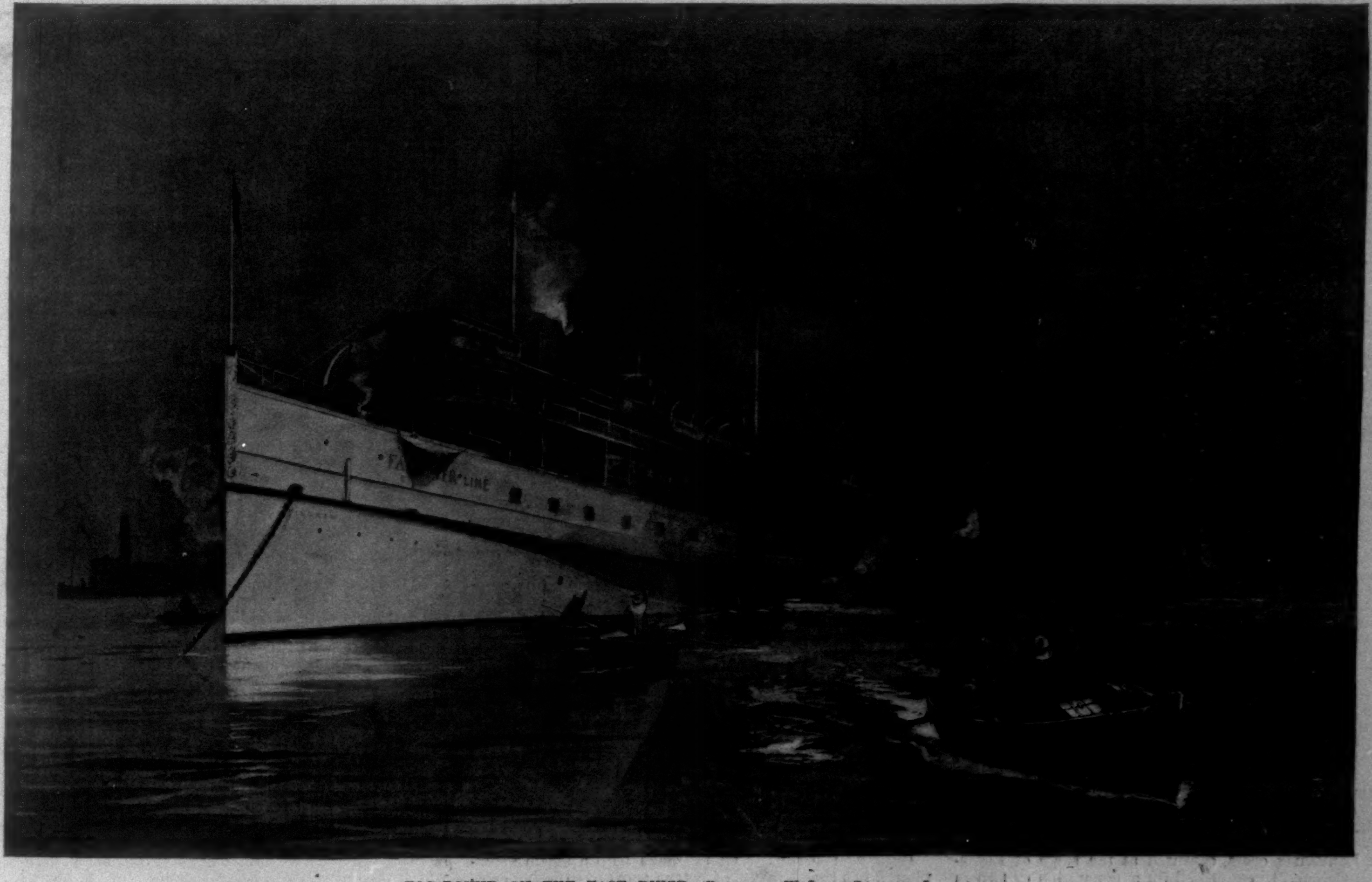
The scrapings and sweepings from the streets are shot directly into the boats. "Slop" from wet streets goes first into a sort of cage, from which the dirty ooze runs into the canal, the more solid residue being boated away at a cost, including carting, boating, and unloading, of 47 cents per ton.

At the contractors' wharves the same conditions prevail, but there was rather less neatness of management. No statistics were to be had concerning their operations. They are under control of the Vestry as to matters of nuisance.

The collection of dust in Paddington was, until recently, made only when a card with the letter D was exposed in the window, but the County Council now enforces a by-law requiring the sanitary authority of the parish to "cause to be removed not less frequently than once in every week the house refuse produced on the premises." The Medical Officer says that the system appears to work very satisfactorily, but at an increased cost.

The street-cleaning is carried out by gangs of sweepers, with horse-machines for scraping and sweeping. Main thoroughfares and important streets are swept daily, especially those paved with wood. Other streets of less traffic are swept two or three times a week. Slippery pavements are sanded, especially in frosty weather.

The general appearance of the streets in London as to cleanliness is much the same as that in New York so far as its more important thoroughfares are concerned. There is about the same amount of littering with paper and other refuse. The less important streets, which are swept only twice or thrice a week, are not so clean as ours, which are all swept at least once every day. But the pavement of London is *much* better.



FOG-BOUND ON THE EAST RIVER.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.
Impatient Passengers going Ashore in small Boats from a Sound Steamer anchored near Hell Gate.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN article published last week in the Boston *Transcript* adds much important information to the mass of what was generally known about the late General Meredith Read. Quoting a tribute paid to General Read in 1875 by Georges Sand, the *Transcript* says it was written "of a man to whom, next to the late James G. Blaine, the trickier classes of American politicians have for many years paid their largest tribute of fear." It finds good reason for this, "for his wealth, his influential relatives, and his extraordinary following of powerful friends would have made him a menace to any political machine he might have chosen to array himself against." It tells us that President Grant had promised to make General Read Minister to France, and when that office, "by a dexterous piece of jugglery on the part of the machine, was bestowed upon Elihu B. Washburne," the President, "deeply chagrined by the miscarriage of his wish," created for him the office of Consul-General to France and Algiers, and "vested it with such peculiar power and privileges that the sway and dignity of the legation were not perceptibly greater than those of the supposed minor office." Relating how General Read's enemies got Congress to cut off his salary while he was Minister to Greece, and how he baffled them by running the legation at his own cost, the *Transcript* notes that "shortly after this an effort was made to induce General Read to accept a nomination for the Presidency of the United States, but he declared himself too uncompromisingly non-partisan to entertain such an idea." His services to his own country while Minister to Greece, and especially the fact of his having "enriched America to the extent of several hundred millions" by his business foresight, are duly recorded, as well as his immense services to the Greeks, including the "transfer of several million dollars from his treasury to theirs to enable them to conduct certain reforms" which their poverty hindered. It was this benevolence, it seems, that, causing him "to be regarded as little less than a demigod by the Grecian people," won him the friendship of the King, and of the royal family of England, the Princess of Wales being the sister of the King of Greece. Upon his kindness, benevolence, amiability, and immense popularity with the highest and humblest people the *Transcript* dwells at length, recounting how the nobility "admitted him to their homes with as much reverence as though he were one of themselves," how Germany constantly sought his advice on all matters concerning France, how "he had had more to do with keeping peace between the two nations since 1872 than any other ten men," how Louis Napoleon and he were intimate friends, how he saved the Empress Eugénie's life by sending her out of Paris in the carriage of the United States Consul-General, and how "from that day to this the grateful Eugénie has said the name of John Meredith Read in every prayer she has uttered."

A somewhat extended reference to General Read was made last week in this page of the WEEKLY, but this second allusion seems justified by the *Transcript's* disclosures. Evidently, if our accurate and conservative Boston neighbor has been rightly informed, General Read was a very much more egregious personage than his countrymen have even remotely suspicioned. "But few patterns so colossal are cut in any age," as the *Transcript's* informant attests, and when one passes out of mundane use due notice should be taken of it.

Mr. Marion Crawford, who describes himself as now at work on his thirtieth novel, has confided to the *Herald* that he has made beginnings in a new profession, and intends to become a playwright if he can. Mr. Crawford is forty-two years old, and it is fourteen years and a month since he published *Mr. Isaacs* to a waiting and promptly appreciative world. There is no reason to think that he has told all the stories he knows yet, but an average of more than two novels a year for fourteen years is large, and means, when the novels are as good and as long as Mr. Crawford's, a prodigious amount of labor. It is no wonder that, if only for a change, he would want to turn his hand and mind to something different. He tells how, with the help of Mr. Saint Maur, he has dramatized two of his stories, one of which, *Dr. Claudius*, has been spoken for, paid for (in part), and is very soon to be produced. "We have many more ready," he says. "Our first appearance is the result of much work, and if we hope to succeed it is because we are prepared to meet the public with many plays."

A Boston jury having determined that Bram, first mate of the *Herbert Fuller*, is the man who murdered the captain and his wife and the second mate of that vessel, Boston is trying to make up its mind whether the jury was right and the verdict can stand. The disposition to doubt the verdict is prevalent enough to call out a protest from Lawyer Moorfield Storey, who declares that after twelve impartial men and two able judges have devoted three weeks exclusively to the determination of a question of fact, and have reached a conclusion, the community ought to back them in that conclusion, instead of trying to upset it. Mr. Storey thinks the Boston papers have been too willing to try the case out of court, and that newspaper readers have been much too forward in forming ill-advised and ill-founded opinions and airing them. "Not only," he says, "is there danger that this loose gossip may create a wholly unwarrantable sympathy for the defendant, but the process of law is discredited." The trial, which excited more interest down East than any since the Borden trial, was very ably and carefully conducted. Mr. Sherman Hoar, the prosecuting lawyer, is very highly praised for the acumen and discretion of his behavior, and especially for getting his verdict by such safe and straightforward methods that there seems to be little chance of upsetting it. The defence was strong and intelligent too, so that it may be said that the verdict was worthy of the trial, and the trial of the crime, while the crime would have done credit to the imaginings of Stevenson and the pencil of Pyle.

The Louisburg cross, captured at the siege of Louisburg in Colonial times, stored for a generation or two in the cellar of the Harvard Library, set up finally outside of that building, and stolen somewhat more than a year ago, to the scandal of the university, has been returned. It was found on January 5 hanging to the door-knob of the Library, and with it a note, of which at this writing the authorities have not disclosed the purport. The loss of the cross was greatly lamented, and its recovery will excite proportionate enthusiasm, albeit it is very much what might have been expected, since the cross has no intrinsic value, and must have been stolen for sentimental reasons or temporary use.

Any citizen who is tired of mundane concerns, and wants to fix his mind on something higher, is invited to consider the allegation of Sir Francis Galton, made in the London *Fortnightly Review*, that some one on Mars is signalling to Earth. The information seems not as yet to be very generally confirmed by astronomical observers, but Sir Francis is quoted as authority for the report that in one of the European observatories an apparatus has been devised for recording the Martian flashes, and that the record shows that three signals and no more are made, and that they differ, as all flash-light signals do, in the length of the flashes and of the intervals between, so that if we had the key they might be read like telegraphic messages.

Of course this is not a yarn to be swallowed whole, but the association of the name of Sir Francis Galton with it is enough to entitle it to consideration. There seems to be no intrinsic impossibility of our having relations with people in Mars. It sounds preposterous, of course, but, like other marvels, it seems preposterous chiefly because it is unusual. We have to nudge ourselves from time to time in this age of swift surprises, and remind ourselves that nothing that is new to us can possibly be more marvellous than many things that have grown familiar.

The great bequest of Alfred Nobel, left, as recorded in the WEEKLY last week, to provide five annual prizes for the advancement of science, may be reasonably expected to produce income enough to make each of the prizes worth about $50,000. They will be open, it seems, to the competition of all the world, and will afford a very interesting test of the usefulness of lump sums of prospective cash in promoting the activity of inquiring minds and leading them to momentous conclusions. When the conditions of prize-winning are published it will doubtless be possible to determine whether the successful execution of a plan to kidnap and maroon Senators Lodge, Cameron, and Morgan, Commissioner Roosevelt, Editor Dana, Emperor William, and Former-Governor Waite, would entitle its projectors to consideration as claimants to the prize for the promotion of peace.

Motor vehicles ("automotives" is the name recommended for them) have begun to be matter for serious reflection in England. Major Flood Page, who lectured about them the other day before the London Chamber of Commerce, speculated as to the results of their introduction, and named as among the industries that would be affected "petroleum, secondary-battery manufacturers, mechanical engineers, and allied trades; coach, car, wagon, and carriage builders, and allied trades; agriculture in many branches, railway companies, and, last but by no means least, the war department of every country in the world." He expects them as they grow common to interfere more or less with trades connected with omnibuses, cabs, and horses, but to provide work for more men than they displace, just as railways did when they drove out coaches. He believes that in the country districts of England they will do what canals have done in Holland, and make communication so easy that the rush of perishable produce to market will be greatly quickened and increased. They will change the whole face of war, he thinks, and be used to move guns and do all transport work.

In Paris automotives are in use; in London they are in sight; in New York they are still only in prospect. An automotive fire-truck, to be run by a compressed-air gas-engine, has been devised by a Brooklyn man, and has come so near real existence as to have its picture in the newspapers. It is a terrific-looking creation, and as an engine of destruction seems fit to make a cable-car on a curve seem like a child's toy.

A report that Mr. William Waldorf Astor has taken measures to become a naturalized citizen of Great Britain has provoked as much comment as though it had something more than rumor for its basis. It is not inconceivable that Mr. Astor might wish to become a British subject, as well as a resident of England, but the chances are that he would hesitate a long time before doing so. To be in Parliament, and perhaps a power in English politics, might interest and entertain him, but a landed proprietor of his magnitude is an institution, and in his particular case an American institution, and the idea of an American institution masquerading as a British statesman is likely to seem incongruous even to him.

There is no substantial motive for a rich man whose estates are in this country to become a British subject. A non-resident Irish landlord who lives in London lives where the laws are made under which he holds his property; but the case of a non-resident American landlord who lives in London is, as yet, different, and with a disparity that so intelligent a person as Mr. Astor doubtless appreciates.

Information that comes by cable is not necessarily news. For example, one of the WEEKLY'S valued morning contemporaries published the other day, in leaded type, on its front page, a cable despatch from Madrid, disclosing, "for the first time," as the head-lines vaunted, the story of how the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs had repeatedly, though informally, sounded the various governments of Europe to discover what support Spanish rule in Cuba could hope to receive from European powers in the event of a clash between Spain and the United States. He got very cold comfort from the powers, and shaped his course accordingly, as the contemporary aforesaid might have learned a fortnight earlier, without the expense of cable tolls, by reading Mr. Houghton's careful and comprehensive article on "The Attitude of Spain to the United States," in the WEEKLY for December 19.

Bucking snow-drifts on railroads with a steam snow-plough has the elements of a true sport, combining competition, danger, uncertainty, excitement, and hard work. In its risks it compares favorably with football, it is played at higher speed than polo, and it rivals hunting in uncertainties of time and destination. The pictures shown elsewhere in this number of "snow-bucking" on the Northern Pacific give an idea of what it is like. Only the steam-ploughs deal adequately with the deep drifts on the Northwestern roads, and they, to be efficient, must be driven at high speed. A plough that goes through a drift at ten or fifteen miles an hour simply pushes the snow ahead, and presently, if there is snow enough, gets stalled. But driven at a forty or fifty mile gait, it turns up a beautiful snow wreath on each side of the plough. It is hard to get a photograph that shows a snow-plough at work. Only the front view tells the story, for nothing appears from behind except flying snow-clouds. The picture given in the WEEKLY of the snow-plough in action was taken by Dr. E. W. Read, of Mandan, North Dakota, who went out with the plough train west of Mandan after the big December storm, and caught from in front a plough driven by four locomotives. All the ploughs shown are of the old-fashioned sort. The new rotary plough is good, and is in frequent use, but for practical work it has not driven out the old-style machine.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has petitioned Congress to rebuild the old frigate *Constitution*, now used as a receiving-ship in the Portsmouth Navy-Yard, and after restoring her to her original condition, to keep her at the Navy-yard at Washington, where she may be easily accessible to patriot citizens who want to tread her decks. The society's action is prompted by the condition of the old ship, which is such, they say, that if she is not repaired she must soon sink at her moorings. The cost of reconstructing her is estimated at about $225,000. The society and many other petitioners think that she is as well worth preserving as a glorious relic as Nelson's flagship *Victory*, so reverently preserved by Great Britain; nor does it find the time any more ripe for her destruction now than it was in 1829, when Holmes, a young fellow just leaving college, wrote a poem about her that has outlived its author and threatens now to survive its subject.

The *Constitution* was launched a century ago at Boston. Under Hull, on August 19, 1812, she whipped and sunk the *Guerrière* off the Massachusetts coast, making thereby a prodigious sensation, and affording a most notable and timely exception to the maxim (of that day) that Britannia ruled the wave. Under Bainbridge, in the same year, she captured and sunk the *Java* off Brazil, and in 1815, under Stewart, captured at the same time the frigate *Cyane* and the sloop *Levant*. Whether she will still be the same "Old Ironsides" after $225,000 worth of new construction has been put into her is a question for psychologists, statisticians, and ship-builders. The possibility of taking her up the Potomac as far as Washington is disputed, but Boston, Portsmouth, and Annapolis all want her. Farragut's flag-ship *Hartford* has been kept in use on sentimental grounds, and is now being repaired for active service.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor (105 East Twenty-second Street) is impressed with the excellent profits which may be extorted from vacant city lots cultivated by persons whose time and energy are not otherwise engrossed. It appears that the report of the Boston Vacant Lots Cultivation for the past year shows that each person who pursued this branch of agriculture earned $2 56 for each day of work. The only apparent reason why these Boston gardeners did not attain affluence is that they were limited in their opportunities, the lots used affording them only from six to eight days of work each. Each lot assigned was a little less than half an acre in size. The society feels that this showing demonstrates that the vacant-lot movement is worth while.

On January 6 Albany celebrated the hundredth anniversary of her selection as the capital of the State. There were a parade, a historical address by Dr. Depew, a poem by Editor McElroy of Rochester, and a ball in the evening. Dr. Depew in his speech recounted how under the Dutch and English the affairs of the State were managed in New York, how the first State Constitution was adopted in 1777 at Kingston, and how the Legislature met in that town for twenty years, until in adjourning in 1796 it resolved when it met again to meet in Albany. For twenty years more its continuance in Albany was secured by nothing more binding than an annual resolution, and it was not until 1818 that an act was passed providing that it should meet annually thereafter at the Capitol in Albany. Dr. Depew made no allusion to the vague but familiar rumor that at a later date the seat of State government was informally transferred back to New York, and now, though theoretically still in Albany, is actually located in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

There was a brilliant ball in the evening at the Tenth Battalion armory, whereat were present people from all over the State, and especially many native Albanians now resident elsewhere. Albany interested herself deeply in the celebration, and drew freely on her time, money, influence, lineage, legislature, and other resources to make it successful. She succeeded excellently. There is no city in New York State at all like Albany. There are bigger and richer towns, but none which combines antiquity, historical interest, contemporary importance, and social distinction in the same proportions, or divides so much valuable local flavor among so limited a number of inhabitants. In one particular, especially, Albany is peerless. No city in the State has a building that can rival her Capitol in size, cost, unavailable space, or permanency of incompleteness.

The London *News* has published a letter in which Mr. Lehmann, the English coach, who spent six weeks here this fall teaching Harvard oarsmen how to row the Oxford stroke, describes the American game of football and his sensations on seeing it played. He speaks of it with surprised enthusiasm. Football cannot be a gentle game, he thinks, and the American game struck him as even less mild than English football. He adds, however: "But the game I saw (between Harvard and Pennsylvania), though it was violent and rough, was never brutal. Indeed, I cannot hope to see a finer exhibition of courage, strength, and manly endurance without a trace of meanness than that which was given by those two teams." E. S. MARTIN.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, *December* 23, 1896.

IT is a glorious thing to be an American ambassador; but this does not refer to our representative in Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. Ambassadorial glory for us is confined exclusively to him who represents the American people at the Court of St. James. I could illustrate this in many ways, but the simplest would be to inquire of an average Englishman the names of the ambassadors representing the great countries of the world. Every Englishman will name Thomas Bayard with alacrity, and, I think, with pleasure; but I very much doubt if he could name two others in the same category. Nor is this true of to-day alone; it was equally striking as regards his predecessors, Professor Phelps, of Yale University, and James Russell Lowell, of Harvard. The ambassadors of other countries represent the person of a King or an Emperor, possibly a Foreign Office. The European idea of a diplomat resembles our notion of the successful lawyer who claims everything and admits nothing. The ambassadors of France and Germany can never forget that they are in court pleading a cause full of technical quibbles, and that a single expression of natural feeling may wreck their professional career. It is only the American ambassador who can afford to forget that he is a paid attorney; that can ignore the formal traditions of diplomacy; who can speak directly to the body of English people with nearly the same freedom that he would enjoy if he were addressing a representative gathering of Americans. Treaties of peace are a good thing, and so are tribunals of arbitration, but all written documents together are as nothing compared with good understanding, which is the basis of all friendship. It would be difficult to imagine a greater calamity than war between the two great English-speaking nations. It would be virtually a civil war of greater dimensions even than ours from 1860 to 1865. It would impoverish both countries and give small satisfaction, whichever way victory might turn. The military nations, especially the military despotisms, would rejoice at English defeats, and still more at the misfortunes of our republic; for we need not close our eyes to the fact that we are cordially hated by the government of every absolute monarchy in Europe.

The position to-day held in England by an American ambassador marks a revolution in diplomatic history. There is no private or public function of any consequence within the limits of Great Britain that our ambassador is not invited to entertain by his speech. He meets in the course of his diplomatic wanderings almost as many representative Englishmen as does a cabinet minister in his search for popular power. From day to day our representative can remove, by a few well-chosen words, such misapprehensions as might in time provoke bad feeling. Indeed, when I reflect upon the great power for good exercised by an American in the position of Mr. Bayard, the conclusion almost forces itself upon me that wars would cease if we could but select ambassadors qualified to address not merely a Secretary of State or a sovereign, but to win the confidence of the people to whose government they may be accredited.

Two things have been conspicuously lacking in Germany—the one, a club for women; the other, a club of canoeists. Now there is a movement on foot to organize a woman's club in Berlin, but what sort of a woman's club I cannot venture even to surmise. Perhaps it is to be a club of bachelor actresses and bohemian foreigners. At any rate, I cannot conceive, in Berlin, of a club such as the one at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street in New York. The German husband considers it scandalous that a woman should ride upon the bicycle. That his womenkind should congregate in a club by themselves is, from his point of view, simply monstrous.

But Germany is, of all countries in the world, the one best suited for canoe cruising. The Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Oder, with their many branches, represent a wilderness of delights to a true canoeist who wishes to sleep in his boat and to cook his own food. Besides her many noble streams, North Germany has a multitude of lakes, beautiful as those in the Adirondacks, surrounded mainly by forests of pine, with soft sandy shores, and every inducement for one seeking a good night's encampment. These lakes are connected by sluggish streams and canals, and one can easily sail for a month at a time without reaching the limits of beautiful water. Yet in all Germany I know of no club devoted exclusively to canoeing, nor have I in any of my cruises come across a genuine American cruising canoe. Canoes for paddling alone I have frequently encountered, but the paddles have usually been of a fashion that would have created a smile amongst members of the New York Canoe Club. Occasionally I have run across heavy English-built sailing canoes, much too clumsy for the inland cruiser. In the principal organ of German boating, canoeing in our sense is rarely mentioned, although many interesting accounts are given of rowing and sailing excursions in different parts of Germany. If any American is mapping out his summer vacation already, and if he has any taste for novel sensations, let him take steamer to Hamburg or Bremen, send his canoe by *Eilgut* or fast freight to the railway station nearest the head-waters of the stream he selects, and then launch his craft towards the Black Sea, the Baltic, or the Atlantic, as his taste may lie. If Mr. Caspar Whitney does not deem this an infringement upon his province, I would advise the canoeist to bring nothing from America excepting that which is specifically appropriate to the canoe. He will find in any small town of Germany all that he needs in the way of cooking-utensils and preserved food, though for that matter he will always be able to market for fresh things at least once a day. Nor let him be discouraged even if he be totally ignorant of German. He can buy excellent maps, on a scale of one inch to the mile, covering the whole of his prospective cruise—maps so well done that he can select a camping-place by examining it carefully. In this manner he can always fix his camp a mile or so before reaching any settlement, and will be out of the way the next morning before any policeman has found out that he is there. As to marketing, he has only to pick up what he wants and tender a handful of small coins, from which the honest German market-woman will take her due and nothing more. For a person ignorant of the language canoeing is a vastly preferable sport to bicycling, for the man who follows the highroads must sleep in a house, and has often to ask his way when arriving at cross-roads. But the canoeist has no questions to ask excepting of nature, which reveals its secrets cheerfully to those who ask with intelligence, no matter in what tongue the question may be put.

While I am penning these notes comes the news that at last poor George von Bunsen has gone to his rest. On his tombstone I would engrave these words: "Here lies another victim of political persecution. He died that German liberty might live." Bunsen died yesterday in London, far from his home, but at least in a land where the political police is not allowed to override the civil liberty of an individual. One of his daughters is separated from him by three thousand miles of ocean; one of his sons is in Southwest Africa, some five thousand miles away. Bunsen had a sweet and forgiving nature, and though he, more than any other Liberal German, suffered under Bismarck, he is one of the few Germans I know who always spoke temperately, even generously, of the Iron Chancellor.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

The best funeral sermon about Antonio Maceo, the patriotic Cuban general, whose death is finally confirmed, was delivered by his Spanish adversaries. In a recent number of *El Imparcial*, one of the most important newspapers at Madrid, Maceo is proclaimed as having been "the idol, the god of the whites as much as of the blacks. They all recognized him as their indisputable chief. He was the only leader who did not permit his mind even to think of a possible compromise." The Spanish organ then proceeds to give a lengthy and generous eulogistic appreciation of Maceo's career, and adds a few particulars not generally known in regard to the mode of life of the late Cuban hero. His sobriety was very great, and he professed a deep contempt for drunkards. He did not smoke, and did not allow anybody in his *entourage* to indulge in smoking. He did not like *fêtes* or social amusements, and women were sternly excluded from his camp. His cook was a Chinese, according to the prevailing custom in Cuba. Maceo usually took his meals alone, but he invited sometimes Miro, his chief of staff, and his doctor. During one of his raids in the provincia of Pinar del Rio he was wounded in his foot, and since then he had remained lame. He never wore any distinctive marks or signs indicating his rank in the revolutionary army.

F. A.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

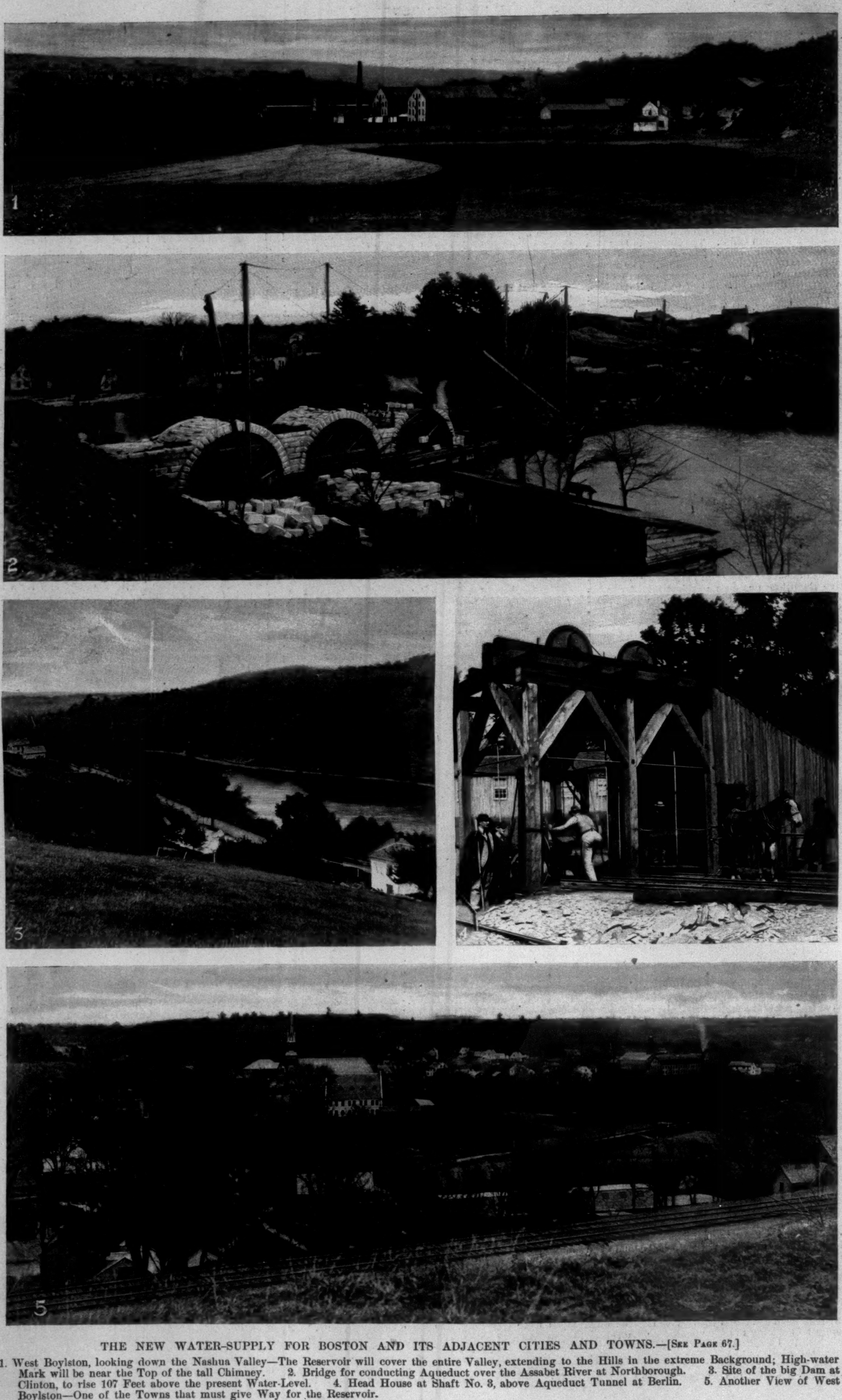
"THIS," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is a Mingling that repays one for much disappointment and vexation. . . . It is a poor heart that never rejoices!" It is a pity that interesting incidents become stale ones so quickly in our part of the world. After a lapse of more than a fortnight to cool down enthusiasm, not to speak of the repeating of the music-drama two or three times, one would like to dilate joyously over that performance of *Siegfried* at the Metropolitan. So long expected, it was rewarding of all pleasurable expectations. We heard Jean de Reszké as Siegfried, Edouard de Reszké as Wotan, Mr. Bispham as Alberich, and Madame Melba as Brünnhilde, Miss Olitzka as Erda, and Mr. Hubbenet as Mime, Mr. Castelmary as the somnolent and truculent Fafner, and Miss Traubmann as the Forest Bird. It was a cast indeed, so far as meant big stars and little stars united in one galaxy. And such singing of the title rôle as was Mr. Jean de Reszké's never has been heard on any Wagner stage until now. This newest, belated impersonator of Wagner's wonderful young savage—Wagner's boisterous and charming *enfant terrible* of the backwoods—who has ever listened to the like till now? Not in Germany; not in Italy; not in France nor England nor America. Not even from Max Alvary has a parallel come to us, when Alvary was in his best voice and his nearest approach to a method, and generally, like Vergil's rustic swain, was a tenor "worthy to be loved." Moreover, by skilful dressing, *postiches* touches, and by harmonious poses and brisk movement, Mr. De Reszké managed to make himself almost as young-looking as his predecessor. His more than forty-five years were as half their number. Such life, juvenescence, and vivacity—it was all surprising and fascinating. But the honors were not carried off by the hero of Wagner's idyl. The *ensemble* was too strong for that. It was an astonishingly brilliant and rich performance. The evening had the divine fire. Every one seemed to labor his or her best to make it such. Mr. Seidl brought out such orchestral effects as are in his great and specialistic gifts and knowledge; the stage management was noteworthy; there was not an instant's flagging in enjoyment. The fifty-times-told tale of the score became as new. It seemed as if the enthusiasm would never end. At the last curtain people forgot wholly that even if they did not wish to go to bed, the tired and triumphant artists did. It was a night of opera in German indeed. Probably Mr. Grau is by this time convinced that Wagner does not mean bankruptcy. Perhaps, too, he has revoked that famous vow of his (unless it be legendary) that "no Wagner operas are going to be sung in an opera-house *I* have anything to do with." Indeed, it is ungenerous to recall such a ukase.

A word about Madame Melba, by-the-bye, before the *Siegfried* topic is relinquished. It seems that Madame Melba's appearance in the rôle of Brünnhilde, as was rather feared would be the case, ought to have had the label on the programme, "On this occasion only." For it is a case like Gautama's—a Great Renunciation—by all accounts—and of wisdom learned not by lifting up the voice in the streets, but by lifting it up in a big part in a big opera and a big opera-house. It would not be fair to say that Madame Melba made a failure in her daring effort. Her ambition was praiseworthy and sincere. She gave herself a world of pains. Her limpid voice really has the essential volume for Brünnhilde in *Siegfried*, if hardly for Brünnhilde elsewhere in the Trilogy. She got on much more gracefully, and even animatedly, too, with the acting that she had studied for the night's experiment. But the lyrical beauty of her effort was not its salvation. She was tired before the final tremendous duet was concluded. Her beautiful emission of tone and artistic phrasing were thrown away in such a whirlwind of lusty shouting as Wagner entails on his eager lovers. And so Madame Melba—wisely enough—gives over. And so, exactly as was predicted, in comes as her substitute (if, in fact, *she* has not been the substitute from the beginning) the capable, robust, and shrill-throated Madame Litvinne, a singer devoid of charm, but entirely competent to routine work—even, it appears, in Wagner. There is gossip that Madame Melba is in the worst of humors as to the whole affair of the famous *Siegfried*. Indeed, it is reported that she scorns all affairs at the Opera-House, and is particularly toward Mr. Jean de Reszké in what Miss Edgeworth calls "a mood of tumultuous animosity." For has not this new Wagnerian rôle been whisked away from her in a twinkling, after Mr. De Reszké had encouraged her to learn it, foreknowing that her success in it was a problem? Is not her position in the corps of the Yellow House weakened perceptibly? It looks so, decidedly. Did not Madame Eames bereave her this year of Elizabeth, in *Tannhäuser?* Did not a mere chance enable that admirable coloratur artist, Madame Clementine de Vere-Sapio, to march in the other evening and carry off Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, from herself and Madame Calvé, with absolute popular and artistic success? Did not Madame Calvé capture Marguerite, in *Faust*, last week? All these sad things are true. At this rate, what is to be Madame Melba's office or repertory? Perhaps Madame Nordica, still wandering about the country concertizing, will graciously inform us. For it is said that Madame Nordica knows.

If *Shamus O'Brien*, the sprightly Irish opéra comique that began last week its course at the Broadway Theatre, does not take the taste of the town, the fault will be in the perverted local taste more than in the musicianly elegance of the work. Its first night was extremely successful. But the first night of a piece with such national elements in its flesh and bone is a dubious augury. The work has had absolute and uninterrupted favor in London during almost a year. It is produced here by the English company singing it from the first—a company, on the whole, efficient and acceptable. The opera-book of course amplifies that schoolboy classic, the thrilling poem by Le Fanu, dear to the hearts of all men whose names begin with O and an apostrophe. Mr. George H. Jessop's drama is perfectly conventional, even to bald unreality; but the contrasts and movement are entirely effective from the time-approved stand-point of the stage. The score is by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, one of the most accomplished of the rank and file of British musicians—well known for several oratorios and for his serious opera, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, his symphonies, "Irish" and "Elegiac," and for a large output of chamber-music and songs. The music that Dr. Stanford has written is quite wide of the rhythms of the humorous opera or of any opéra comique that has obtained here. It is careful, elegant, and often too scholarly for operatic effect, as such a thing is flavored and understood on our stage. Its adherence to the essential character of Irish tonality, its introduction of familiar melodies of Ireland, its avoidance of what is commonly appreciated as the dramatic in an opera, give it a curious individuality. It is not a piece from which the ear carries away tunes. Until the spirited last act is met, there is often a sense of elegant musicianship that does not reach often enough the firm nervous effect demanded; and there is shortcoming in sustained melodic beauty. A charming air for the tenor in the second act and a trio not far from it quicken the emotional interest; and the last half of Dr. Stanford's score is of far more obvious charm than its earlier portion promised. Mr. Joseph O'Mara, one of the best members of the company, in his speech before the curtain on the opening evening, called the work "an opera on an Irish subject, written by an Irish composer, to a libretto by an Irish author, sung by a troupe almost wholly of Irish men and Irish women." Such a national appeal is surely irresistible to part of our co-citizens. The Broadway Theatre, by-the-way, seems to be becoming a place for Erin to be warned to Remember the Days of Old, and the Harp that Once has likely been in the possession of the indefatigable property-man this good while. In evidence of the genuineness of this present instalment of musical patriotism, it can be added that if brogue were subject to duty, these welcome guests in *Shamus O'Brien* would have been troubled by our customs.

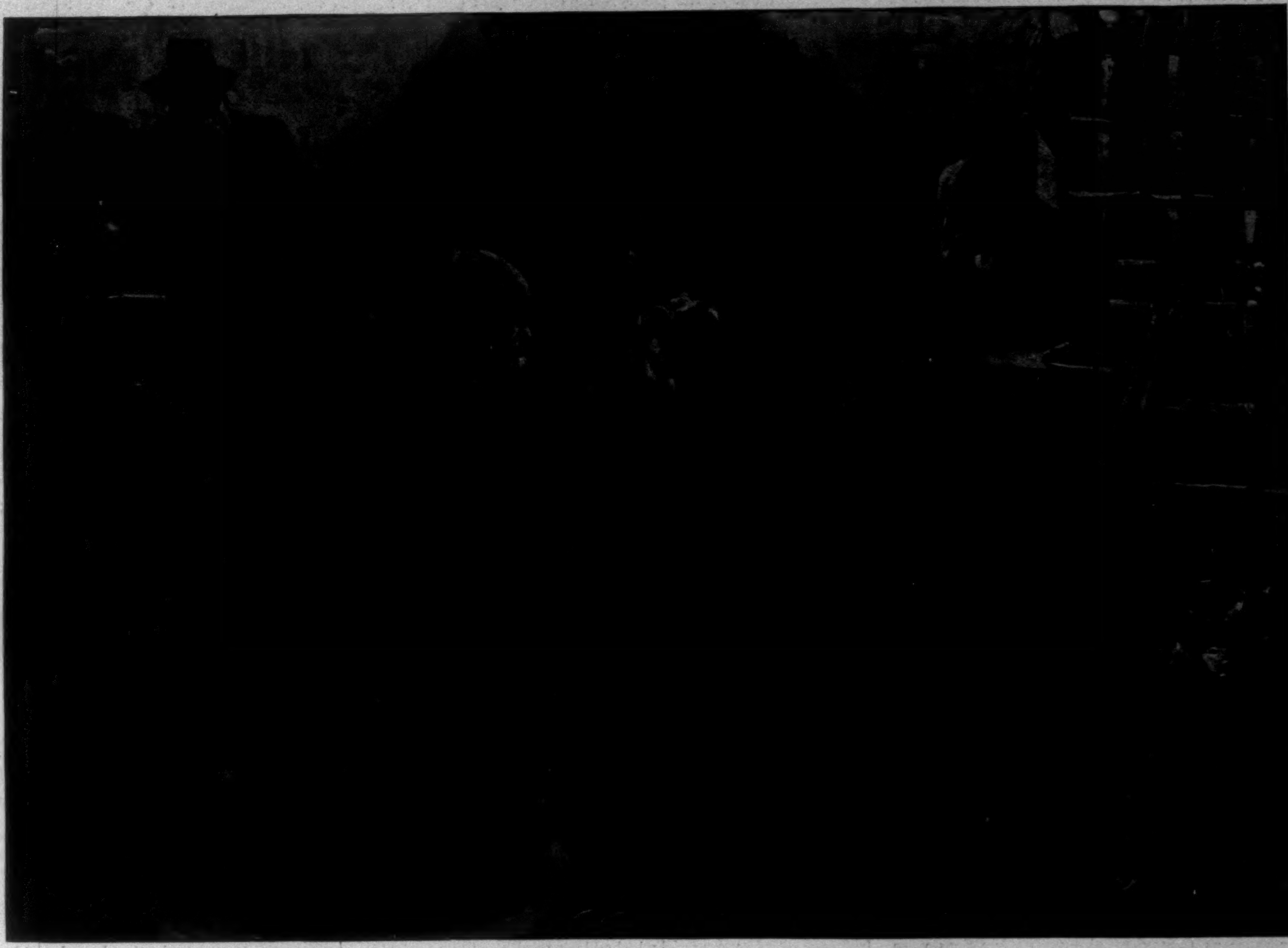
The return of Madame Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch, after five years of absence, is a fact that will stir up all sorts of joyful and other sentimental recollections in New York. There is a general conviction among the more veteran guard of Wagner in the city, those who campaigned about the stalls and corridors and aisles in the Old Metropolitan, that nobody has ever looked, acted, or sung certain rôles—especially Wagner's most exacting ones—as Lilli Lehmann looked them, acted them, sung them. Nor is it, on the whole, any more just than safe to dispute this amiable conviction. Instead, let us wait to see and hear how kind time has been to Madame Lehmann-Kalisch since those seasons of her triumphs here when "Lehmann" spelt "Wagner" to the town. Then plenty of people were suddenly converted from a barbarous ignorance of the composer to a raving and often tiresome madness, that would have run amuck among the Italianists, and gladly have meant death in the cause. But far be it from even a conservative to misprize the queenly soprano in question. How beautiful she was in those early days of our enthusiasm! What a classic beauty of face under the Valkyr helmet! What a nobility of presence, what freedom and grace of gesture, and unspared splendor of a voice that could sing—not shout and whoop—Donna Anna, Rachel, Carmen, Sulamith, Bertha, Sieglinde, Brünnhilde, Fidelio, Norma—even Marguerite! It has been uncertain from foreign criticism in what estate of voice Madame Lehmann-Kalisch really may be, after an absence not only from our stage, but Germany's, until within a few months. Her Baireuth re-entrance was discussed with reserves. Since the days with us, when her professional exile in Germany was a consequence of her American engagement, she has really been toward her operatic work like a child playing the game of Tom Tiddler's Ground—one foot off and one foot on. Lately she has formally taken her post in Berlin. Sir Peter Teazle had to come back to his friends to look after his character; but Madame Lehmann-Kalisch does not have to come back yet to the United States to look after a name with us peculiarly brilliant. We taught her own country to appreciate her.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



THE NEW WATER-SUPPLY FOR BOSTON AND ITS ADJACENT CITIES AND TOWNS.—[See Page 67.]

1. West Boylston, looking down the Nashua Valley—The Reservoir will cover the entire Valley, extending to the Hills in the extreme Background; High-water Mark will be near the Top of the tall Chimney. 2. Bridge for conducting Aqueduct over the Assabet River at Northborough. 3. Site of the big Dam at Clinton, to rise 107 Feet above the present Water-Level. 4. Head House at Shaft No. 3, above Aqueduct Tunnel at Berlin. 5. Another View of West Boylston—One of the Towns that must give Way for the Reservoir.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE pond undoubtedly partook somewhat of the nature of an Eastern myth in this little New England village. Although with the uncompromising practicality of their natures the people had given it a name so directly significant as to make it lose all poetical glamour, and render it the very commonplace of ghastliness, it still appealed to their imaginations.

The laws of natural fancy obtained here as everywhere else, although in small and homely measure. The village children found no nymphs in the trees of their New England woods. If there were fauns among them, and the children took their pointed ears for leaves as they lay sleeping in the undergrowth, they never knew it. They had none of these, but they had their pond, with its unfathomable depth. They could not give that up for any testimony of people with ropes and grappling-hooks. Had they not sounded it in vain with farther-reaching lines?

Not a boy in the village believed that the bottom of that famous Dead Hole had once been touched. Jerome Edwards certainly did not. Then, too, they had not brought his father's hat to light—or, if they had, had made no account of it.

Some of the elders, as well as the boys, believed in their hearts that the pond had not, after all, been satisfactorily examined, and that Abel Edwards might still lie there. "Ever since I can remember anything, I've heard that pond in that place 'ain't got any bottom," one old man would say, and another add, with triumphant conclusion, "If he ain't there, where is he?"

That indeed was the question. All solutions of mysteries have their possibilities in the absence of proof. No trace of Abel Edwards had been found in the woodland where he had been working, and no trace of him for miles around. The search had been thorough. Other ponds of less evil repute had also been dragged, and the little river which ran through the village, and two brooks of considerable importance in the spring. If Abel Edwards had taken his own life, the conclusion was inevitable that his body must lie in the pond, which had always been reported unfathomable, and might be, after all.

"The way I look at it is this," said Simon Bassett one night in the village store. He raised the index finger of his right hand, pointed it at the company, and shook it authoritatively as he spoke, as if to call ocular attention also to his words. "Ef Abel Edwards did make way with himself any other way than by jumping into the Dead Hole, *what* did he do with his remains? He couldn't bury himself nohow." Simon Bassett chuckled dryly and looked at the others with conclusive triumph. His face was full of converging lines of nose and chin and brows, which seemed to bring it to a general point of craft and astuteness. Even his grizzled hair slanted forward in a stiff cowlick over his forehead, and his face bristled sharply with his gray beard. Simon Bassett was the largest land-owner in the village, and the dust and loam of his own acres seemed to have formed a gray grime over all his awkward homespun garb. Never a woman he met but looked apprehensively at his great, clomping, mud-clogged boots.

It was believed by many that Simon Bassett never removed a suit of clothes, after he had once put it on, until it literally dropped from him in rags. He was also said to have argued, when taken to task for this most untidy custom, that birds and animals never shifted their coats until they were worn out, and it behooved men to follow their innocent and natural habits as closely as possible.

Simon Bassett, sitting in an old leather-cushioned armchair in the midst of the lounging throng, waited for applause after his conclusive opinion upon Abel Edwards's disappearance; but there were only affirmative grunts from a few. Many had their own views.

"I ain't noways clear in my mind that Abel did kill himself," said a tall man, with a great length of thin, pale whiskers falling over his breast. He had a vaguely elongated effect, like a shadow, and had, moreover, a way of standing behind people like one. When he spoke everybody started and looked around at him.

"I'd like to know what you think did happen to him, Adoniram Judd," cried Simon Bassett.

"I don't think Abel Edwards ever killed himself," repeated the tall man, solemnly. His words had weight, for he was a distant relative of the missing man.

"Do you know of anybody that had anything agin him?" demanded Simon Bassett.

"No, I dun'no' 's I do," admitted the tall man.

"Then what in creation would anybody want to kill him for? Guess they wouldn't be apt to do it for anything they would get out of Abel Edwards." Simon Bassett chuckled triumphantly; and in response there was a loud and exceedingly bitter laugh from a man sitting on an old stool next to him. Everybody started, for the man was Ozias Lamb, Abel Edwards's brother-in-law.

"What ye laughin' at?" inquired Simon Bassett, defiantly; but he edged his chair away a little at the same time. Ozias Lamb had the reputation of a very high temper.

"Mebbe," said Ozias Lamb, "somebody killed poor Abel for his mortgage. I dun'no' of anything else he had." Ozias laughed again. He was a stout, squat man, leaning forward upon his knees as he sat, with a complete subsidence of all his muscles, which showed that it was his accustomed attitude. Just in that way had Ozias Lamb sat and cobbled shoes on his lapboard for nearly forty years. He was almost resolved into a statue illustrative of his own toil. He never stood if he could help it; indeed, his knees felt weak under him if he tried to do so. He sank into the first seat and settled heavily forward into his one pose of life.

All the other men looked rather apprehensively at him. His face was all broadened with sardonic laughter, but his blue eyes were fierce under his great bushy head of fair hair. "Abel Edwards has been lugging of that mortgage 'round for the last ten years," said he, "an' it's been about all he had to lug. It's been the meat in his stomach an' the hope in his heart. He 'ain't been a-lookin' forward to eatin', but to payin' up the interest money when it came due; he 'ain't been a-lookin' forward to Heaven, but to clearin' off the mortgage. It's been all he's had; it's bore down on his body and his soul, an' it's braced him up to keep on workin'. He's been a-livin' in this Christian town for ten years a-carryin' of this fine mortgage right out in plain sight, an' I shouldn't be a mite surprised if somebody see it an' hankered arter it. Folks are so darned anxious in this 'ere Christian town to get holt of each other's burdens!"

Simon Bassett edged his chair away still farther; then he spoke. "Don't s'pose you expected folks to up an' pay Abel Edwards's mortgage for him," he said.

"No, I didn't," returned Ozias Lamb, and the sardonic curves around his mouth deepened.

"An' I don't s'pose you'd expect Doctor Prescott to make him a present of it," said Jake Noyes, suddenly, from the outskirts of the group. He had come in for the doctor's mail, and was lounging with one great red-sealed missive and a religious newspaper in his hand.

"No," said Ozias Lamb, "I shouldn't never expect the doctor to make a present to anybody but himself or the Lord or the meetin'-house."

A general chuckle ran over the group at that. Doctor Prescott was regarded in the village as rather parsimonious except in those three directions.

Jake Noyes colored angrily and stepped forward. "I ain't goin' to hear no nonsense about Doctor Prescott," he exclaimed. "I won't stan' it from none of ye. I give ye fair warnin'. I don't eat no man's flapjacks an' hear him talked agin within swing of my fists if I can help it."

The storekeeper and postmaster, Cyrus Robinson, had been leaning over his counter between the scales and a pile of yellow soap bars, smiling and shrewdly observant. Now he spoke, and the savor of honey was in his words for all.

"It's fust-rate of you, Jake, to stand up for the doctor," said he. "We all of us feel all wrought up about poor Abel. I understand the doctor's goin' to be easy with the widder about the mortgage. I thought likely he would be. Sometimes folks do considerable more good than they get credit for. I shouldn't be surprised if Doctor

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

Prescott's left hand an' his neighbors didn't know all he did."

Ozias Lamb turned slowly around and looked at the storekeeper. "Doctor Prescott's a pretty good customer of yours, ain't he?" he inquired.

There was a subdued titter. Cyrus Robinson colored, but kept his pleasant smile. "Everybody in town is a good customer," said he. "I haven't any bad customers."

"P'r'aps 'cause you won't trust 'em," said Ozias Lamb. This time the titter was audible. Cyrus Robinson's business caution was well known.

The storekeeper said no more, turned abruptly, took a key from his pocket, went to the little post-office in the corner, and locked the door. Then he began putting up the window-shutters.

There was a stir among the company, a scraping of chairs and stools, and a shuffling of heavy feet, and they went lingeringly out of the store. Cyrus Robinson usually put up his shutters too early for them. His store was more than a store—it was the nursery of the town, the place where her little common weal was evolved and nurtured, and it was also her judgment-seat. There her simple citizens formed their simple opinions upon town government and town officials, upon which they afterward acted in town meeting. There they sat in judgment upon all men who were not within reach of their voices, and upon all crying evils of the times which were too mighty for them to struggle against. This great country store of Cyrus Robinson's, with its rank odors of molasses and spices, whale oil and West India rum, with its counters, its floor, its very ceiling, heaped and hung with all the paraphernalia of a New England village—its clothes, its food, and its working-utensils—was also in a sense the nucleus of this village of Upham Corners. There was no tavern. Although this was the largest of the little cluster of Uphams, the tavern was in the West Corners, and the stages met there. However, all the industries had centred in Upham Corners on account of its superior water privileges. The grist-mill was there, and the saw-mill, and also the best meeting-house. People from the West and East Corners came to trade at Robinson's store, which was also a factory in a limited sense. Cyrus Robinson purchased leather in considerable quantities, and employed several workmen in a great room above the store to cut out the rude shoes worn in the country-side. These he let out in lots to the townsfolk to bind and close and finish, paying them for their work in store goods, seldom in cash, then selling the shoes himself at a finely calculated profit.

Robinson had, moreover, several spare rooms in his house adjoining the store, and there, if he were so disposed, he could entertain strangers who wished to remain in Upham overnight, and neither he nor his wife was averse to increasing their income in that way. Cyrus Robinson was believed by many to be as rich as Doctor Prescott and Simon Bassett.

When the men left the store that night, Simon Bassett's, Jake Noyes's, and Adoniram Judd's ways lay in the same direction. They still discussed poor Abel Edwards's disappearance as they went along. Their voices were rising high, when suddenly Jake Noyes gave Simon Bassett a sharp nudge. "Shut up," he whispered; "the Edwards boy's behind us."

And indeed, as he spoke, Jerome's little light figure came running past them. He was evidently anxious to get by without notice, but Simon Bassett grasped his arm and brought him to a standstill.

"Hullo!" said he. "You're Abel Edwards's boy, ain't you?"

"I can't stop," said Jerome, pulling away. "I've got to go home. Mother's waiting for me."

"I don't s'pose you've heard anything yet from your father?"

"No, I 'ain't. I've got to go home."

"Where've you been, Jerome?" asked Adoniram Judd.

"Up to Uncle Ozias's to get Elmira's shoes." Jerome had the stout little shoes, one in each hand.

"I don't s'pose you've formed any idea of what's become of your father," said Simon Bassett.

Jerome, who had been pulling away from his hold, suddenly stood still, and turned a stern little white face upon him.

"He's dead," said he.

"Yes, of course he's dead. That is, we're all afraid he is, though we all hope for the best; but that ain't the question," said Simon Bassett. "The question is, how did he die?"

Jerome looked up in Simon Bassett's face. "He died the same way you will, some time," said he. And with that Simon Bassett let go his arm suddenly, and he was gone.

"Lord!" said Jake Noyes, under his breath. Simon Bassett said not another word; his grandfather, his uncle, and a brother had all taken their own lives, and he knew that the others were thinking of it. They all wondered if the boy had been keen-witted enough to give this hard hit at Simon intentionally, but he had not. Poor little Jerome had never speculated on the laws of heredity; he had only meant to deny that his father had come to any more disgraceful end than the common one of all mankind. He did not dream of the different construction they had put upon his words as he raced along home with his sister's shoes, but he felt angry and injured.

"That Sim' Bassett pickin' on me that way," he thought. A wild sense of the helplessness of his youth came over him. "Wish I was a man," he muttered. "Wish I was a man; I'd show 'em! All them men talkin'—sayin' anything—'cause I'm a boy."

Just before he reached home Jerome met two more men, and he heard his father's name distinctly. One of them stretched out a detaining hand as he passed, and called out, "Hullo! you're the Edwards boy?"

"Let me go, I tell you," shouted Jerome, in a fury, and was past them with a wild flourish of heels, like a rebellious colt.

"What in creation ails the boy?" said the man, with a start aside; and he and the other stood staring after Jerome.

When Jerome got home and opened the kitchen door he stood still with surprise. It was almost ten o'clock, and his mother and Elmira had begun to make pies. His mother had pushed herself up to the table and was mixing the pastry, while Elmira was beating eggs.

Mrs. Edwards looked around at Jerome. "What you standin' there lookin' for?" said she, with her sharp nervous voice. "Put them shoes down, an' bring that quart pail of milk out of the pantry. Be careful you don't spill it."

Jerome obeyed. When he set the milk-pail on the table, Elmira gave him a quick, piteously confidential glance from under her tearful lids. Elmira, with her blue checked pinafore tied under her chin, sat in a high wooden chair, with her little bare feet curling over a round, and beat eggs with a wooden spoon in a great bowl.

"What you doin'?" asked Jerome.

Her mother answered for her. "She's mixin' up some custard for pies," said she. "I dun'no' as there's any need of you standin' lookin' as if you never saw any before."

"Never saw you makin' custard pies at ten o'clock at night before," returned Jerome, with blunt defiance.

"Do you s'pose," said his mother, "that I'm goin' to let your father go off an' die all alone an' take no notice of it?"

"Dun'no' what you mean."

"Don't you know it's three days since he went off to get that wood an' never come back?"

Jerome nodded.

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to let it pass an' die away, an' folks forget him, an' not have any funeral or anything? I made up my mind I'd wait till nine o'clock to-night, an' then, if he wa'n't found, I wouldn't wait any longer. I'd get ready for the funeral. I've sent over for Paulina Maria and your aunt B'lindy to come in an' help. Henry come over here to see if I'd heard anything, an' I told him to go right home an' tell his mother to come, an' stop on the way an' tell Paulina Maria. There's a good deal to do before two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, an' I can't do much myself; somebody's got to help. In the mornin' you'll have to take the horse an' go over to the West Corners, an' tell Amelia an' her mother an' Lyddy Stokes's folks. There won't be any time to send word to the Greens over in Westbrook. They're only second cousins anyway, an' they 'ain't got any horse, an' I dun'no' as they'd think they could afford to hire one. Now you take that fork an' go an' lift the cover off that kettle, an' stick it into the dried apples, an' see if they've begun to get soft."

Ann Edwards's little triangular face had grown plainly thinner and older in three days, but the fire in her black eyes still sparkled. Her voice was strained and hoarse on the high notes, from much lamentation, but she still raised it imperiously. She held the wooden mixing-bowl in her lap, and stirred with as desperate resolution, compressing her lips painfully, as if she were stirring the dregs of her own cup of sorrow.

Pretty soon there were voices outside and steps on the path. The door opened, and two women came in. One was Paulina Maria, Adoniram Judd's wife; the other was Belinda, the wife of Ozias Lamb.

Belinda Lamb spoke first. She was a middle-aged woman, with a pretty faded face. She wore her light hair in curls, which fell over her delicate thin cheeks, and her blue eyes had no more experience in them than a child's, although they were reddened now with gentle tears. She had the look of a young girl who had been out like a flower in too strong a light, and faded out her pretty tints, but was a young girl still. Belinda always smiled an innocent girlish simper, which sometimes so irritated the austere New England village women that they scowled involuntarily back at her. Paulina Maria Judd and Ann Edwards both scowled without knowing it now as she spoke, her words never seeming to disturb that mildly ingratiating upward curve of her lips.

"I've come right over," said she, in a soft voice; "but it ain't true what Henry said, is it?"

"What ain't true?" asked Ann, grimly.

"It ain't true you're goin' to have a funeral?" Tears welled up afresh in Belinda's blue eyes, and flowed slowly down her delicate cheeks, but not a muscle of her face changed, and she smiled still.

"Why can't I have a funeral?"

"Why, Ann, how can you have a funeral, when there 'ain't—when they 'ain't found him?"

"I'd like to know why I can't?"

Belinda's blue, weeping eyes surveyed her with the helpless bewilderment of a baby. "Why, Ann," she gasped, "there won't be any—remains!"

"What of that? I guess I know it."

"There won't be nothin' for anybody to go round an' look at, there won't be any coffin— Ann, you ain't goin' to have any coffin when he ain't found, be you?"

"Be you a fool, Belindy Lamb?" said Ann. A hard sniff came from Paulina Maria.

"Well, I didn't s'pose you was," said Belinda, with meek abashedness. "Of course I knew you wasn't—I only asked; but I don't see how you can have a funeral no way, Ann. There won't be any coffin, nor any hearse, nor any procession, nor—"

"There'll be mourners," broke in Ann.

"They're what makes a funeral," said Paulina Maria, putting on an apron she had brought. "Folks that's had funerals knows."

She cast an austere glance at Belinda Lamb, who colored to the roots of her fair curls, and was conscious of a guilty lack of funeral experience, while Paulina Maria had lost seven children, who all died in infancy. Poor Belinda seemed to see the other woman's sternly melancholy face in a halo of little coffins and funeral wreaths.

"I know you've had a good deal more to contend with than I have," she faltered. "I 'ain't never lost anybody till poor—Abel." She broke into gentle weeping, but Paulina Maria thrust a broom relentlessly into her hand.

"Here," said she, "take this broom an' sweep, an' it might as well be done to-night as any time. Of course you 'ain't got your spring cleanin' done, none of it, Ann?"

"No," replied Mrs. Edwards; "I was goin' to begin next week."

"Well," said Paulina Maria, "if this house has got to be all cleaned, an' cookin' done, in time for the funeral, somebody's got to work. I s'pose you expect some out-of-town folks, Ann?"

"I dare say some 'll come from the West Corners. I thought I wouldn't try to get word to Westbrook, it's so far, but mebbe I'd send to Granby—there's some there that might come."

"Well," said Paulina Maria, "I shouldn't be surprised if as many as a dozen came, an' supper 'll have to be got for 'em. What are you goin' to do about black, Ann?"

"I thought mebbe I could borrow a black bonnet an' a veil. I guess my black bombazine dress will do to wear."

"Mis' Whitby had a new one when her mother died, an' didn't use her mother's old one. I don't believe but what you can borrow that," said Paulina Maria. She was moving about the kitchen, doing this and that, waiting for no commands or requests. Jerome and Elmira kept well back out of her way, although she had not half the fierce impetus that their mother sometimes had when hitching about in her chair. Paulina Maria, in her limited field of action, had the quick and unswerving decision of a general, and people marshalled themselves at her nod, whether they would or no. She was an example of the insistence of a type. The prevailing traits of the village women were all intensified and fairly dominant in her. They kept their houses clean, but she kept hers like a temple for the footsteps of divinity. Marvellous tales were told of Paulina Maria's exceeding neatness. It was known for a fact that the boards of her floors were so arranged that they could be lifted from their places and cleaned on their under as well as upper sides. Could Paulina Maria have cleaned the inner as well as the outer surface of her own skin she would doubtless have been better satisfied. As it was, the colorless texture of her thin face and hands, through which the working of her delicate jaws and muscles could be plainly seen, gave an impression of extreme purity and cleanliness. "Paulina Maria looks as ef she'd been put to soak in rain-water overnight," Simon Bassett said once, after she had gone out of the store. Everybody called her Paulina Maria—never Mrs. Judd, nor Mrs. Adoniram Judd.

The village women were, as a rule, full of piety. Paulina Maria was austere. She had the spirit to have scourged herself had she once convicted herself of wrong; but that she had never done. The power of self-blame was not in her. Paulina Maria had never labored under conviction of sin; she had had no orthodox conversion; but she set her slim unswerving feet in the paths of righteousness, and walked there with her head up. In her the uncompromising spirit of Puritanism was so strong that it defeated its own ends. The other women were at times inflexible; Paulina Maria was always rigid. The others could be severe; Paulina Maria might have conducted an inquisition. She had in her possibilities of almost mechanical relentlessness which had never been tested in her simple village life. Paulina Maria never shirked her duty, but it could not be said that she performed it in any gentle and Christ-like sense. She rather attacked it and slew it, as if it were a dragon in her path. That night she was very weary. She had toiled hard all day at her own vigorous cleaning. Her bones and muscles ached. The spring languor also was upon her. She was not a strong woman, but she never dreamed of refusing to go to Ann Edwards's and assist her in her sad preparations.

She and Belinda Lamb remained and worked until midnight; then they went home. Jerome had to escort them through the silent village street. He had remained up for that purpose. Elmira had been sent to bed. When the boy came home alone along the familiar road, between the houses with their windows gleaming with blank darkness in his eyes when he looked at them, with no sound in his ears save the hoarse bark of a dog when his footsteps echoed past, a great strangeness of himself in his own thoughts was upon him.

He had not the feminine ability to ease descent into the depths of sorrow by catching at all its minor details on the way. He plunged straight down; no questions of funeral preparations or mourning bonnets arrested him for a second. "My father is dead," Jerome told himself; "he jumped into the pond and drowned himself, and here's mother, and Elmira, and the mortgage, and me."

This poor little *me* of the village boy seemed suddenly to have grown in stature, and bent as it grew under a grievous burden, and lost all its childish carelessness and childish ambition. Jerome saw himself in the likeness of his father, bearing the mortgage upon his shoulders, and his boyish self never came fully back to him afterward. The mantle of the departed, that, whether they will or not, covers those that stand nearest, was over him, and he had henceforth to walk under it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EDITION DE LOOKS.

How very close to truth these bookish men
Can be when in their catalogues they pen

The words descriptive of the wares they hold
To tempt the book-man with his purse of gold!

For instance, they have Dryden—splendid set—
Which some poor wight would part with wealth to get.

'Tis richly bound, its edges gilded—but—
Hard fate—as Dryden well deserves—*uncut!*

For who these days would think to buy the screed
Of dull old dusty Dryden just to read?

In faith if his editions had been kept
Amongst the rarities he'd ne'er have crept!

And then those pompous, overwhelming tomes
You find so oft in overwhelming homes,

No substance on a Whatman surface placed,
In polished leather and in tooling cased,

The gilded edges dazzling to the eye
And flaunting all their charms so wantonly.

These book-men, when they catalogue their books,
Call them in truth *édition de luxe*.

That's all they have, most of 'em. Just plain shape,
With less pure wine than any unripe grape.

But tomes that travel on their "looks" indeed
Are only good for those who do not read;

And, like most people clad in garments grand,
Seem rather heavy for the average hand.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

COMPTROLLER FITCH, TAMMANY'S "REMNANT."

THE AMBITIONS AND METHODS OF A NAGGING SPOILSMAN.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE next election of national interest and of national importance in this country will occur in New York city in November next. It will be an election to determine whether New York city as at present constituted, and probably whether all that territory now known as "Greater New York," shall be given over to political spoilsmen for plunder. It will be an election to determine whether the city of New York shall receive a dollar's worth of value for every dollar expended, or whether it shall receive only part of the value of each dollar expended and the politicians get the rest. It will be an election of vital influence in the matter of municipal reform throughout the country. It will be an election to decide whether Tammany shall rule New York again—Tammany, with its pestilential blight on decency and on honesty, with its frightful trafficking in vice and crime, with its unblushing robbery and impudent hypocrisy.

Tammany upheld Bryanism at the recent election for the sake of party regularity, and is now the centre of a violent quarrel, but the real leaders of the organization have not lost hope of winning the local election next fall. Tammany will probably go outside its own ranks for a "respectable" candidate for Mayor. The support of Bryan, the quarrel inside the wigwam, the awful record of past years, make this imperative. Tammany's candidate for Mayor must be one who will appeal to the business interests of the city as a safe man, and yet one who will see that the "boys" get a chance at the public crib. He must be a spoilsman at heart, but eminently respectable in his business standing. Above all things, since the advent of Bryanism, he must be a sound-money man.

There is one man in New York city who seems to fit the situation—one who, could he have foreseen the free-silver madness, could not have played his cards better; one who has been openly striving for the nomination, and who has done it by the meanest of all methods—that of nagging men who are trying to give good government to New York. That man is Ashbel P. Fitch, the present Comptroller of the city of New York, a man not openly a member of Tammany Hall, but affiliated with it by the closest of bonds and obligations. He has been called the Tammany "Remnant," because, owing to the election of 1894, the Comptroller's office was about the only office of great importance left to Tammany.

Since that day Comptroller Fitch has not hesitated to thwart efforts to secure good government when it would be to the advantage of Tammany to do so. He has annoyed, nagged, and worried reformers, and has worked hard to "earn" the full support of Tammany for the immediate future. A résumé of his work will show New-Yorkers what kind of man this prospective candidate for Mayor really is, and will reveal to those throughout the country who have watched with interest the extraordinary experiment of a reform administration in New York the chief difficulty with which reformers have had to contend.

Few persons realize the power of the Comptroller of the city of New York. It is practically greater than that of the Mayor—that is, after the Mayor has made his appointments. The Comptroller holds control of the city purse. He can withhold payments on appropriations on this and that pretext. He can prevent certain appropriations from going into effect, or from even being made. He can pigeon-hole documents, he can plead this and that excuse for ignoring matters of importance, and he can harry any man, if he chooses to do so, who may have business with his office. When the reformers went into office the Tammany men chortled, and said,

"Just watch Fitch stir 'em up."

That is just what Fitch has done. He has stirred up scores of officials whom Tammany wanted to have nagged. He has withheld the payment of money due to dozens of poor men and women. He has been accused of helping indirectly to undermine the credit of the city of New York, for the sake of party advantage, by his actions when the city had to sell its bonds. Some of his deeds have been of the lowest kind of "peanut politics." He has worried Waring and Roosevelt. He has prevented many reforms from being put in practice for weeks and months. He has been beaten in most of his attacks on good government, but the defeat has been so remote from the time of the attack that often it has escaped public notice.

One of the half-dozen men who are really close to Mayor Strong in his administration said, the other day, when asked to account for Fitch's actions:

"Fitch is all right. All you have to do, if you are a reformer, is to bend the knee, lick his boots, put yourself under moral obligations to him as Tammany's representative, and you can get anything you want from him. If you hold your head high, he tries to throw you and humble you. Why he does it I don't know. I guess it's just because he's Fitch."

It is a curious fact that those city officials who have humbled themselves before Fitch have had little trouble with him. Men like Waring and Roosevelt, who value their self-respect, and assert it when necessary, he has delighted to annoy and to tease. The city's interests have had to take a back seat while he was having this kind of fun and politics.

Fitch's pernicious activity has come before the public in two periods. The first was during the fall of 1895 and the winter of 1895–6, and the second, less virulent than the first, because of existing political conditions, was in the last months of 1896. Fitch is a member of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and it was in that capacity that he did his skirmishing in 1895 and in 1896. He did his heavy firing in other places chiefly in 1895 and in the early part of 1896. Here is the story of some of his work:

HOW HE "DEVILED" WARING.

Colonel Waring had the distinction of being the first of the reformers to receive Fitch's attention. Colonel Waring actually proposed to clean the streets. How could Tammany stand a political outrage like that? It was probable that all the street-cleaners would have to work, and some of the Tammany men had been appointed precisely not to do that very thing. They were appointed to draw salaries, and whoop things up at intervals for Tammany. Clearly something had to be done about Waring. The opportunity came promptly—in fact, as soon as the Tammany men thought they detected a weakness in Waring. Here was an office-holder who not only had the audacity to be honest and faithful to the city's interests, but he had the unblushing presumption to say what he thought. They ascribed this to what they pronounced a pompous personal vanity.

Word was passed along that it would be good politics to "devil Waring." Colonel Waring himself has said that he had heard, through a third person, that Fitch suggested the fun of "deviling" Waring. Perhaps if they nagged him thoroughly some of the Tammany employees would not be discharged. They little dreamed that Waring was so far-sighted that he did not intend to discharge any man simply because he was a Tammany Democrat. Inefficiency and incompetence were to be the chief reasons for discharge. Waring kept the old force, inspired it with self-respect and honesty, and it is practically the same force to-day. Hundreds of former Tammany men are cleaning the streets of New York to-day, but are doing a dollar's worth of work for a dollar in pay. Tammany's attacks on Waring finally weakened, and, until late in 1896, had ceased almost for a year. Some of the leaders had sense enough to see that Waring actually did them a kindness by proving that Tammany employees could work honestly if they had encouragement to do so.

Nevertheless, this could not be seen beforehand, and Fitch started in to do the "deviling." He began to complain in February, 1895, about the snow-shovellers coming to his office to get their money. It annoyed him. Early in March of that year the snowfall was unusually heavy. Waring told the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that he must have more money if the streets were to be cleared of snow. Fitch objected to the extravagant outlay, and quoted ex-Comptroller Andrew H. Green to sustain his own views against extravagance and its dangers. Fitch also said that the streets near his residence had not been cleaned, and the inference was that Waring was not only expensive, but incompetent. Then began the famous war of letters between Fitch and Waring. Waring produced figures, that could not be disputed, showing the efficiency of his work. He had even cleaned the East Side streets. Waring reminded Fitch that Andrew H. Green was "a careful man," and advised him to follow Mr. Green's example. Fitch retorted that Waring ought to write a letter to the Mayor containing "just five words."

Tammany howled over this witticism. Great waves of laughter rolled over the town, all starting from the Tammany wigwam. It was clear that Fitch was a "beauty" in "deviling."

It was about the middle of the May following that the biggest hullabaloo broke out about Waring. There was talk of an enormous deficit in Waring's department. Some of the Tammanyites even spoke of it as a "shortage." The figures ranged from $500,000 to $1,500,000. One would have thought from the fuss that Waring had embezzled the whole sum. A committee was appointed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to go over Waring's accounts and to learn the truth as to his expenditures. Fitch was on the committee. Before they began to work, rumors flew thick that Waring would resign. When the reporters asked Fitch about it, he said he wasn't his brother's keeper, and then he chortled suspiciously. All the Tammany leaders had the tip that Waring "must go." Fitch said he wouldn't be surprised to hear at any time that Waring had resigned. Just as the "boys" felt sure that they had "deviled" Waring into resigning, the colonel startled them all by leaving this word with his secretary:

"Tell the newspaper men that the Commissioner of Street-Cleaning may die, but that he will never resign."

Tammany could scarcely believe that Waring wouldn't resign. It was soon seen that his books were all right, and that his request for more money was not only reasonable, but was comparatively modest. The $1,500,000 dwindled to less than $500,000, and Fitch resigned from the committee. The committee exonerated Waring unanimously, but Fitch still opposed the appropriation. Finally it became necessary to get the Board of Health to declare that the health of the city was in jeopardy from unclean streets, and then Fitch relented and gave Waring the appropriation. Waring has since referred to this as "pleading the baby act" so as to get money necessary for his department, and practically has declared that he never would want to do it again. Fitch "deviled" him into that step. Fitch objected for a time to paying out the money on the Health Board certificates, but when they were amended in form to suit his demands for regularity to a hair's-breadth he yielded, and the city's public servants, many of whom were compelled to live from hand to mouth, got their money.

More letters passed between the two men, and Fitch had the satisfaction of saying that Waring's mind was "distinctly feminine," because Waring always wanted the last word.

In August, 1895, further complications arose. Colonel Waring wanted an appropriation for the purchase of a lot of canvas bags in which to place street sweepings. Fitch pigeon-holed the report week after week and month after month, and at last Waring complained to the Mayor that Fitch was annoying and hampering him in his work. Again the Tammanyites danced in glee. There was no doubt now that Fitch was a success. Soon he got another chance at Waring. He discovered that Madame Carré, Colonel Waring's secretary, was not a citizen, and he held up her pay. He owned that he had known this fact for some time, and had paid her salary despite this knowledge. Fitch, it is said, sent word to Waring asking what he would do "if the newspapers got hold of the story." Waring had nothing to conceal, and they did get hold of the story. Colonel Waring had the approval of the legal authorities of the city for a continuance of Madame Carré in his office, her pay to come to her in a roundabout way; but Fitch objected, and had the fun of holding up the pay of a woman, and one of the most efficient servants the city ever had. The Tammanyites, of course, couldn't chortle over humiliating and annoying a woman, and so they changed their tactics to talk of indicting the wicked Waring for breaking the laws.

Fitch went away on his vacation that summer, and when he returned Waring was still cleaning the streets. He had done it so well, and public sentiment had so rallied around him, that at length Fitch capitulated. He had had a lot of "fun" out of Waring, but on December 27, 1895, in the week when good feeling should prevail everywhere among men, he announced that he was willing to give Colonel Waring as much money for street-cleaning as any of the other members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

And so Waring won the fight that year. A few months later, when asked to say something about Fitch's treatment of him, he simply held up his hands, and exclaimed, with a manner that at first seemed to be a little forced: "Not one word! Not one word! My relations with the chief financial officer of the city are entirely satisfactory. Not one word!"

It has since become known that Tammany sent word to Colonel Waring that he might count on its support in the future. Something went wrong, however, and in October last Fitch started in to have more fun with Waring. Fitch had become an ardent civil service reform man. Some of the employees of a contractor employed by Waring had not passed examinations, and Fitch gripped the city's money tight. Street-cleaning stopped for one day in New York, there were more letters, and finally Waring arranged it so that his contractors could get their money from the city, and the laboring-men, the ones who have suffered most from Fitch, could also get their pay.

FITCH AND THE POLICE BOARD.

Fitch began to torment the Police Board in earnest in September, 1895. The Police Board, after mature consideration, had adopted the plans for a new station-house that had been prepared by John Du Fais, an architect of excellent repute. The plans were sent to the Sinking Fund Commissioners and duly approved. The Police Board believed it had the authority to appoint Mr. Du Fais architect for the construction of the building. Fitch stepped in, and at first said that the board had no such authority, and then modified that assertion by declaring that the Sinking Fund Commissioners should appoint a second or supervising architect.

Fitch then began to have serious doubts as to Mr. Du Fais's ability. The Police Commissioners were put to the necessity of securing an endorsement of him from a dozen of the most eminent architects of New York city. Still, this did not satisfy the hypercritical Fitch. He wanted to be sure that the plans were all right. Mr. Du Fais might be a good architect, but it did not follow that these particular plans were desirable, although the Sinking Fund Commissioners had approved them, and the Police Commissioners, after considering the needs of the situation for several months, had decided that the plans were what was wanted. It then became necessary to refer the plans to the Architectural League for examination. As a matter of course they were approved. The decision of the league was a recommendation of the strongest character, and Fitch had to retire. After a delay of six months the plans were approved again, and the construction of the building was authorized. Fitch had had six months of teasing the audacious reformers of the Police Department, who by law have the right to direct the spending of their own money, after once they get it from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

It was right here, in the matter of giving the Police Board the money to spend, that Fitch saw that his best opportunity lay for nagging, and here it was that the most serious clash between him and the Police Board came. This clash got into the courts, and led to bitter recriminations and "scenes" between Fitch and the commissioners, in one of which Fitch, in a mock-heroic way, asked President Roosevelt if he was willing to test the question of the merits of their personal bravery "with pistols." Mr. Roosevelt, goaded into impetuous anger by this expert at nagging, responded with an energy that he could not repress that he would meet Fitch in any way Fitch proposed, and Mayor Strong had to step in and stop the row.

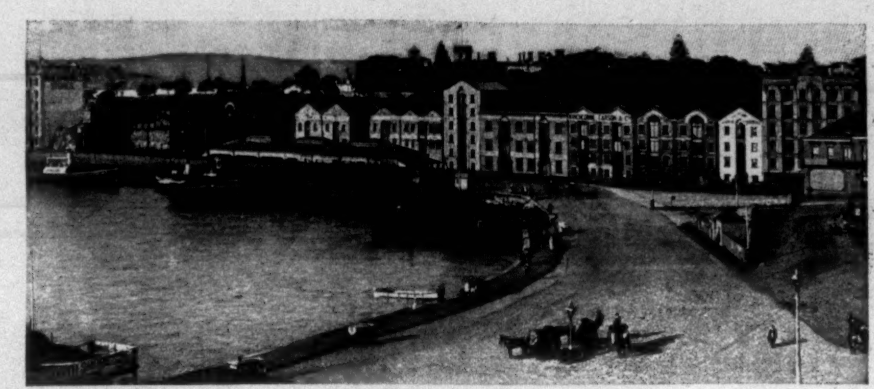
This clash had to do with what is known as the Police Contingent Fund. For many years it had been customary to appropriate about $11,000 a year for the Police Board to spend in contingent expenses. This $11,000 had always been insufficient, and it was customary to give "transfers" from other funds to this fund from time to time to meet expenses. This Contingent Fund has been used in securing evidence through detectives against gambling-places, bucket-shops, evil resorts; in paying the expenses of detectives sent to other cities; in taking photographs of criminals; in supplying meals to persons detained in station-houses, many of whom are children; in paying for telephone rentals and telegraphic and cable tolls.

The present board followed the plan of boards for the last thirty years. They contracted certain bills, and on December 10, 1895, asked for a transfer of $9400, in round numbers. Since 1892 there had been nineteen such transfers, six of which had occurred since Fitch had been Comptroller. In some of these cases he had made the motion himself to grant the transfer. Fitch pigeon-holed the request of December 10 until February 17, and then reported adversely, saying that the Consolidation Act did not countenance such transfers. Police Commissioner Andrews replied at length, and showed what had been the rule, and what Fitch had done himself in such cases. He also showed that with the great increase in efficiency in the department the sum total of money used in contingent expenses was really only about $1000 more than had been used the years before, on an average; that the money so expended was only one-sixth of one per cent. of the total police appropriation. The answer was so overwhelming that on March 4 the Board of Estimate voted the transfer at once, Fitch alone opposing.

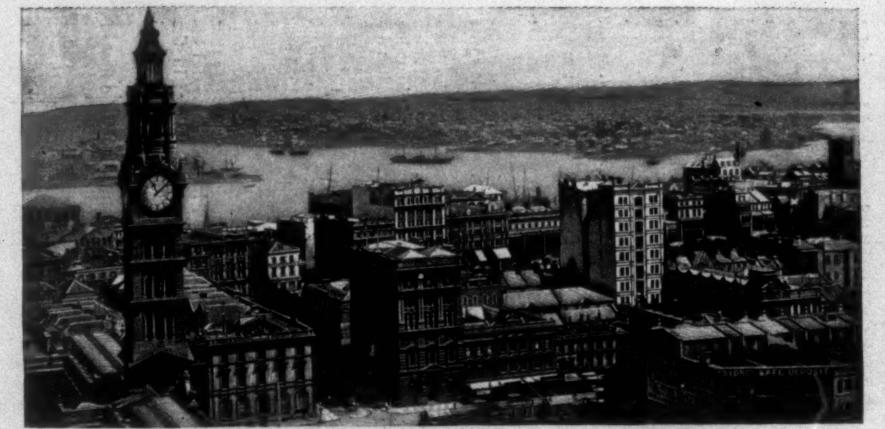
Then Fitch refused to pay the money. The vote should have been unanimous, he said; the bills were such as no officials should cause to be incurred. He withheld the money, and finally compelled an appeal to law.

Here Fitch came near running into great danger. Early

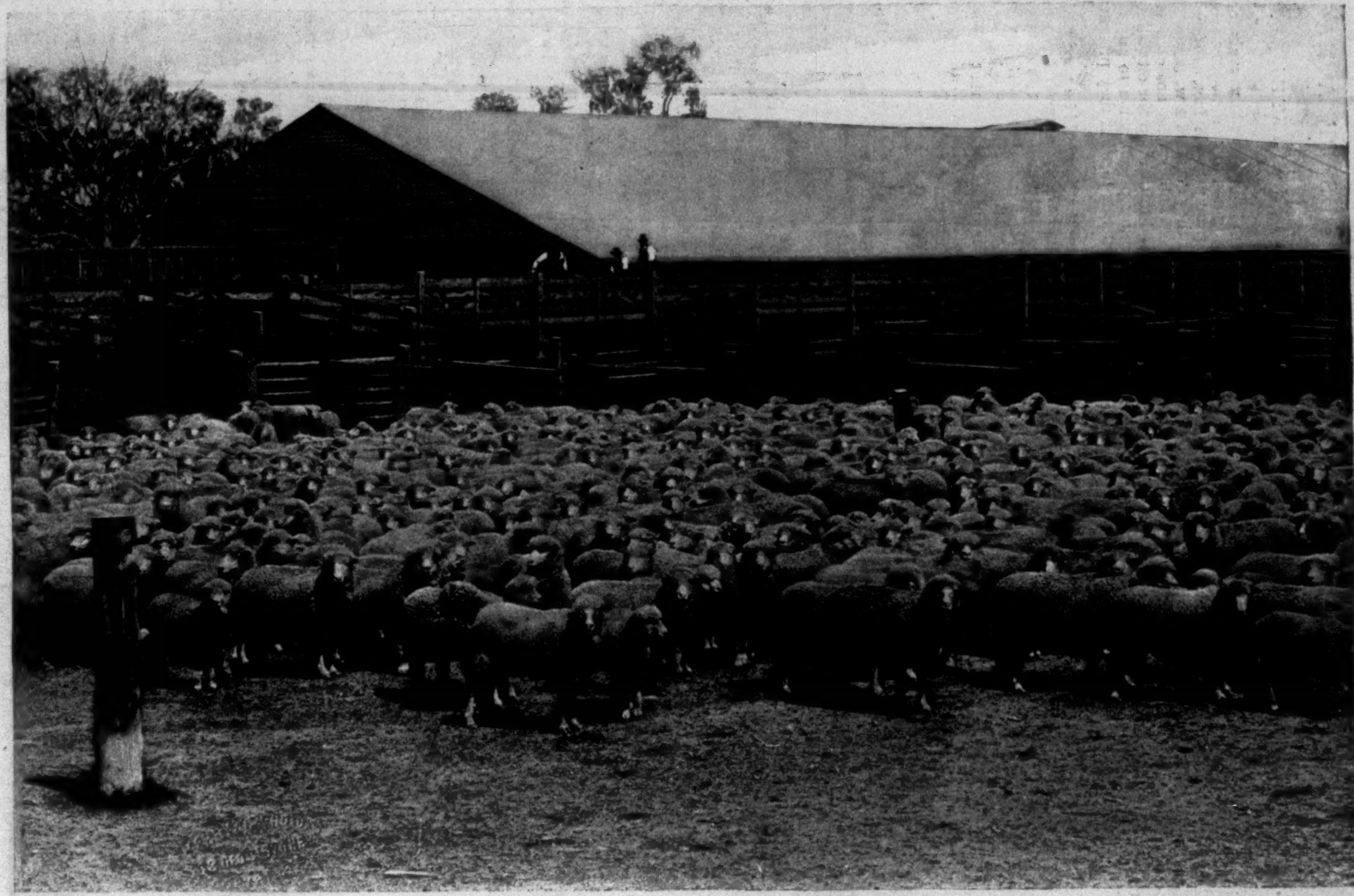
PORT HUNTER AND THE MOUTH OF THE HUNTER RIVER, FROM NEWCASTLE—VESSELS WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE LOADING-MOLE ON THE LEFT.



EAST SIDE OF CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY—GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND GROUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND.



SYDNEY, LOOKING WEST FROM THE TOP OF THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.



ON A SHEEP-RUN—STOCK-YARDS AND SHEARING-HOUSE.

THE WOOL-GROWING INDUSTRY OF AUSTRALIA.—[See Page 62.]

BICYCLING IN VIRGINIA—MENDING A PUNCTURED TIRE ON THE ROAD.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

in May last it became known that unless Fitch yielded or consented to another appropriation the administration of police affairs must be sadly crippled. There would be no more money for taking photographs of criminals, for feeding persons detained in station-houses, for sending detectives to other cities, or for paying telephone or telegraphic bills. Here was a dilemma which might have embarrassed another man than Fitch. The Police Commissioners gave orders to suspend work in some lines. By some arrangement a meeting of the Board of Estimate was called at a time when Fitch could not be present. Just in the nick of time the money was provided. The vote was unanimous, and Fitch afterward said of course he should not oppose that one appropriation.

Meanwhile mandamus proceedings were taken to compel Fitch to pay the $9400 appropriation of March 4. Here Fitch made a new move. He attacked the expenditures of the Police Board on the ground of morality. It had been supposed that his objection to paying the money could be solely on legal grounds. Some of the bills were for detective work under circumstances that are not pleasant to contemplate. The Police Board had simply followed the rule of the department for thirty years. The courts had ruled again and again that there could be no convictions in certain cases unless this plan practically was adopted.

There was no alternative for the Police Board. Of course they won this fight, but Fitch had had a fine opportunity to play to the galleries as a censor in morals. Meantime the matron at Police Headquarters, who spent $322 90 of her own money to provide meals for persons detained there had to wait for her money; policemen who had to borrow money to pay for their expenditures had to renew their notes, and other officers who needed the money for living expenses had to remain creditors of those who advanced supplies to them.

Fitch has caused the Police Board annoyance in minor matters, and in closing this subject it may be well to mention one. The "bicycle squad" in New York has attracted much attention. Since it was established its members made seven or eight times the average number of arrests by ordinary policemen. The fines collected from these arrests by four men alone amounted to nearly $1000 in a few months. The Police Board decided, early in the spring of 1896, to try to regulate traffic in the streets more stringently than heretofore. It was decided to do this by enlarging the bicycle squad. Requisition was made on March 13 for $3000 to purchase wheels for this commendable purpose. The Police Board had saved this money by cutting down clerk hire. Fitch promptly pigeon-holed the request, and the necessary regulation of street traffic suffered. Numerous accidents, some of them fatal, had called public attention to this need of regulation, but so far as Fitch was concerned the accidents might go on. He was having fun with the Police Board. The Police Board finally got around the difficulty by making a special arrangement with the manufacturers who supplied the wheels.

PATRONAGE AND RAPID TRANSIT.

Fitch's treatment of the Rapid Transit Commission was not only despicable, but so adroitly hostile that it approached a matter of great gravity. The collapse of the "tunnel scheme" is in no way involved in this matter. Fitch is a member of the commission by law. He did not attend a meeting for about a year. The chief cause for complaint against him is that in interviews and by other means he placed himself repeatedly in the attitude—not directly, of course—of discrediting the commission. He questioned whether the city could find a market for its $50,000,000 rapid-transit bonds. He pointed out at the time of great political uncertainty that there were no takers for the city's bonds at three per cent. Those bonds were sold afterward at three per cent.; but that is another matter. He talked much about the constitutional limit of the city's debt, and intimated that it would be unwise to try to sell the $50,000,000 bonds. In other words, if there should have been great difficulty in disposing of those bonds, in case the final appeal in the courts had been in favor of the Rapid Transit Commission's plan, Fitch would have been more to blame than any other man. Tammany sold city bonds at good prices. If Fitch could contrive indirectly to produce a different state of affairs for the reform administration, what a victory it would be for Tammany!

A second cause of serious complaint was the fact that without a word of notice to his colleagues Fitch appeared before the Coudert commission as a witness practically opposing the construction of the road. He did not openly oppose the project, but his hostility was adroitly concealed. He had a lot of figures about the city's debt, and did not even give the Rapid Transit Commissioners an opportunity to meet his testimony in cross-examination. They were taken unawares, and no doubt Fitch smiled as he thought of the work he had done for himself or for Tammany. Perhaps he smiles now over the death of the tunnel scheme. There were no "spoils" in that.

Some of Fitch's work in rapid-transit affairs has been of a personal nature, and so petty withal that the rapid-transit officials, being gentlemen, absolutely refuse to talk about it. It is known, however, that Fitch took advantage of every legal technicality in his examination of bills, and held up payment until the smallest items were explained to him, notwithstanding that the officials made oath that the bills were regular, and that they could be sent to prison if what they swore to was not true. The rapid-transit officials felt this personal matter keenly. It finally came to a head one day when one of the lawyers who had much to do with the work declared (certain forcible words being omitted here) that he would not "lick Fitch's boots any more."

Fitch's nagging treatment of the Rapid Transit Commissioners dated from the time he failed to secure patronage from them. Up to that time there could be no reasonable fault found with him. It became necessary to appoint canvassers to secure the consent of property-owners to the building of the road along certain streets. Fitch made a demand that he should have the appointment of a certain number of these canvassers for Tammany Hall. The commissioners refused. Politics had not entered into the work of the commission. The members wanted trustworthy canvassers and not hack politicians. Fitch retired disgruntled, and that probably explained his course afterward. Two examples of his work follow:

On December 30, 1895, the commissioners made requisition on the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for $30,000, in round numbers. The money was required to pay expenses and certain fees. The law required that the Board of Estimate should appropriate money for the Rapid Transit Commission in advance. Fitch held up the requisition, and finally, on March 4, agreed to an appropriation of $10,000. No objection had been made to the $30,000 requisition, and it required a sharp letter from President Orr, of the commission, to bring Fitch to terms. On March 12 the money was voted, but Fitch had had the satisfaction of compelling certain officials to run to him to "explain" this or that, and he had kept more than one poor person out of money that should have been paid promptly.

Having voted for the delayed appropriation, Fitch couldn't resist the opportunity to make another serious fling at the rapid-transit scheme, and here it was that he made his first serious error in his covert attacks on them. He produced a bond from the Broadway surface railroad guaranteeing to the city the payment of at least $150,000 a year for the use of part of that street. He declared that if the rapid-transit road was built the city would lose that $150,000 in annual revenue, because it had agreed that no rival road to the surface road should be built on Broadway. Fitch was all wrong. The commission showed that if the rapid-transit road was built under Broadway, although the $150,000 agreement with the surface road would be void, an antecedent law would again come into effect. By this law the surface road would have to pay to the city a yearly rental of $40,000, and five per cent. of the gross receipts of the road below Fifteenth Street. The sum of these two for the year ending September 1, 1895, would have been $125,000, and the city in that year would have lost only $25,000 instead of the $150,000 pictured by Fitch. Fitch's bugaboo frightened no one, but it gave him the opportunity of making what is known in Tammany Hall as a "ten-strike."

Fitch has had fun with other officials, but it will be found that whether they were the Fire Commissioners, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Commissioner of Correction, or other commissioners, it has been the case usually that the officials in question refused to bend the knee to Tammany, or to Tammany's great representative, the only Fitch. For, first and last, Fitch has not failed to present the fact that, in addition to being Comptroller of New York, he has been Tammany's representative, and that organization's "nagger."

In the last weeks of 1896 Fitch again did some skirmishing in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. He was especially severe on heads of departments who had purchased carriages in which to ride when on their official rounds. Of course there was nothing illegal in it, and of course the Tammany officials had always done the same thing. The carriages the Tammany men had used had gone to pieces, and new vehicles had to be bought to take their places.

It made a fine piece of buncombe. Mayor Strong stood Fitch's skirmishing with patience, but at the end rebuked him publicly for placing the provisional estimates of the city several millions too high, thus creating the impression that there was to be an increase in the tax rate, when really there was a decrease. Fitch fell with a thud, but with the agility of a clown in a circus he bounded up again, and soon was ready for his same old game of petty deception and political nagging.

Such is the man who aspires to be Tammany's candidate for Mayor. Tammany must nominate him or a man like him. The crafty—one might almost say brilliant—Fitch understands all that. One may readily see how lofty is his sense of public duty, and one may picture easily how the spoilsmen would revel at the public crib if he were elected Mayor. If Fitch should be nominated, the voters will have an opportunity to do some "deviling" on their own account.

WOOL-GROWING AUSTRALIA.

It is now nearly quarter of a century since Anthony Trollope named Australia in general and New South Wales in particular "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and the propriety of the title has only become more manifest by the lapse of time. Year by year the wool production of the island continent has increased and still increases, and there is no reason why it should not go on indefinitely, except the doubt how long the world's demand will continue to equal Australia's supply. Up to this time it is doubtful whether most Americans know much more of Australia than of Central Africa. The general position and shape of this last of the continents may indeed be familiar as a sort of geographical lesson. The fact that it contains colonies of our own race is also generally known, but beyond this a vague idea of seasons upside down and creatures strange and unfamiliar comprises all that most people have known or cared to know about the Australian land and its people.

It is certainly worth while to know more than this about it from a business as well as an educational point of view, if it were only because the United States lie several thousand miles nearer Australia than any other country occupied by Europeans, excepting our Canadian neighbors. Separated from it only by an ocean, which is the calmest and most easily navigated of all the world's great waterways, it would seem that our commercial intercourse should be extensive. It has not been so, and the fault has been our own. No country in the whole world does so large a foreign commerce in proportion to the number of its inhabitants as Australia. This commerce amounts to a total export and import value of upwards of $150 per head for every man, woman, and child of its 4,000,000 inhabitants.

So far the great southern continent is chiefly known to the world at large as a land of wool and gold. It is true that many other things are produced besides wool, and many valuable minerals are obtained besides gold, but as yet the value of these two has exceeded that of all others. There is now no colony of Australia in which gold has not been found in greater or less abundance, but hitherto the wool production has been chiefly centred in one. New South Wales has always been the headquarters of wool production in Australia, and about one-half of the exports from that colony at present consist of that product. Not less than two-thirds of all the sheep on the continent are found within its limits, and of all the wool grown there more than two-thirds is the product of that colony. This probably arises partly from the circumstances of Australian history, and partly from the character of the country and climate. New South Wales is not only very much the oldest of the Australian group of colonies, but, with the single exception of a part of West Australia, it is the best adapted for pastoral pursuits. Queensland, occupying the northeastern part of the continent, is for the most part too tropical in climate; Victoria, situated on the southeast, comprises only about one-fourth part the area of New South Wales, and is besides better adapted for agriculture; South Australia, on the south, has special capabilities for wheat-growing; and West Australia, while it embraces within its area of more than a million square miles many varieties of soil and climate, is but just entering upon a pastoral career which may hereafter be indefinitely extended. New South Wales, on the other hand, lying as it does in the warmer temperate zone of the eastern side of the continent, is peculiarly suited, both by soil and climate, for the production of wool of special quality, while the natural features and character of most of the country render it comparatively unfitted for anything else.

Sydney, the capital city of New South Wales, is at once the greatest port of Australia and the chief centre of the wool trade. A stranger visiting its noble harbor at any time between November and the end of February notices with surprise the number of vessels, both steam and sailing ships, which crowd the wharves and quays that line the shore, apparently so greatly in excess of the requirements of a city of 350,000 inhabitants. These constitute the wool fleet of the season; and while they are chiefly British, they embrace also many representatives of Germany, France, and even Italy, engaged in loading from the great wool stores that everywhere line the harbor. These ships are usually ballasted with copper, tin, and lead ore, and then filled up with bales of hard-pressed wool, which are stowed as tightly as the chests in a tea-ship. Circular Quay (of which we give an illustration) is the loading-place for the great lines of the passenger steamships, which take many thousand bales during each season. They are not, however, part of the regular fleet, which only appears in Port Jackson (the harbor of Sydney) during the wool season, each vessel making usually two voyages—one at the beginning and the other at the close of the summer.

The only other considerable shipping port for wool in New South Wales is that of Newcastle, which is also the seat of the principal coal trade of Australia. It is situated about a hundred miles north of Sydney, at the mouth of the river Hunter, which forms a safe and commodious harbor. The wool trade of Newcastle, while it is inconsiderable compared with that of Sydney, is probably as large as that of any other Australian port, excepting Melbourne and Port Adelaide. The wool shipped at Newcastle is produced in the northeastern coast district of the colony, lying within about a hundred miles of the ocean. Newcastle itself is a considerable town, containing, with its immediate suburbs, a population of about 75,000 inhabitants. The trade of the port, although embracing wool and other products, is mainly coal, which is raised in the neighborhood and shipped for export, at present, to the extent of about three millions of tons per annum.

The development of wool production has been so intimately bound up with that of the colony of New South Wales that it is impossible to separate their history. Originally founded as a convict establishment in the year 1787, the colony owed its first impulse toward a free and prosperous career to the discovery of its suitability for pastoral pursuits. This it owed chiefly to Captain McArthur, an officer of the regiment which was specially enrolled in England for service in the new settlement of Botany Bay. This officer retired from the force in 1803, and having obtained a grant of land, devoted himself to the task of establishing a breed of Australian sheep of special value for wool-growing. He was banished from the colony for the part he took in the deposition of Governor Bligh in 1808, but on his return, four years later, brought back with him choice sheep of the Royal Spanish and Saxony merino breeds for the purpose of carrying on his experiments. The result was that within a few years the earliest shipments of Australian wools were sold in London at a price equivalent to nearly three dollars a pound.

It was only the discovery of the great central plains of the colony, however, which finally determined its destiny as a pastoral country. This took place in the year 1815, when the great coastal range known as the Blue Mountains was finally surmounted, and it was found that the country on the inland water-shed consisted of vast grassy plains, intersected at long distances by large rivers, all apparently flowing toward the interior. Two years later, a convict-made road having been laboriously constructed for a distance of fifty miles over the rugged mountain range, which rises 5000 feet above the sea-level, the first flock of sheep was driven into the unknown wilderness of grass country, and the history of pastoral Australia began. For years that history reads like a romance. For half a century the story of Australian exploration and discovery, second only in interest, and not even second in danger and heroism, to that of central Africa, was also the story of the development of the pastoral industry of the continental island. Year after year the pioneers of discovery pushed onward into the unknown wilderness, crossing its vast lonely plains, navigating its strange rivers, which at one time flooded the country for miles on either side their channels, and at another dwindled to petty streams or wholly sank into their sandy beds, disappearing, too, often never to return, into its trackless wastes and forests. And each step of the explorer's discovery was dogged by the indomitable enterprise of the pastoral settlers. Each new district as discovered was occupied by men ready to make the wilderness their home; and the very same districts in which in one year the first explorers had perished of hunger and thirst were the next year occupied by the flocks of the run-holder following on their tracks. In this way the country which is now Victoria was opened to settlement; in this way the interior of Queensland became occupied. In the mean time the interior of New South Wales became mapped out into sheep-runs, and it remains in the same condition to-day. The great plains which were originally occupied by the first selectors, who were willing to pay a license fee of ten pounds a year for the right to occupy a run of ten square miles, are now held under pastoral leases of fifteen years' duration at rentals usually amounting to about a penny an acre.

The interior districts of New South Wales are thus for the most part given up exclusively to wool-growing. Excepting for its wool, an Australian flock is of little value. Population is too scanty in the inland districts to supply a local market for meat, and the cost of transit is too great to allow of sheep being profitably brought to districts where there is a large population. Thus it is upon his wool and his wool alone that the pastoralist depends for profit. This, when packed in bales and pressed as closely as possible in the local press, can be profitably carted long distances to the nearest railroad or water-carriage that communicates with a market. To meet the needs of the settlers the government has constructed several long lines of railroad through the interior in various directions, and by these the wool is conveyed to Sydney for shipment. One of these railroads penetrates westward as far as the town of Bourke, on the river Darling, a distance of about 520 miles inland from Sydney. Another line of about the same length extends to the banks of the river Murray, where it connects with the railroads of Victoria; while still a third line extends northwards nearly six hundred miles to the borders of Queensland. Here and there upon these lines of railroad townships are beginning to rise into some importance, such as the town of Bathurst, near which the first Australian gold was found, about 130 miles from Sydney on the western line; that of Goulburn, about 140 miles from the capital on the southwestern line; and Maitland, Tamworth, and others on the northern railroad. These country towns are generally the centres of agricultural districts of more or less extent and importance, and the neighborhood is beautified by extensive vineyards and orange groves, which flourish luxuriantly in all parts of the colony.

The climate of New South Wales has no doubt had much to do with its wool production, as well as with the peculiar character of the product itself. The interior of the colony is dry, and for eight months of the year it is also hot, with an average temperature ranging from 90° to 120° in the shade. This and the not uncommon occurrence of lengthened droughts have so far discouraged all attempts at agriculture on any extensive scale, while they have certainly tended to produce the distinctive characteristics of the wool. There have been several occasions, indeed, when the lengthened drought has caused great loss of stock, mainly owing to the scarcity of water. On one such occasion—that of the drought of 1885-6—it was calculated that at least three million sheep died in New South Wales from this cause. Such a calamity is not now likely to occur, at any rate to so alarming an extent, owing to the great inducements offered by the government to run-holders to conserve the water by means of tanks of great extent, and also to the large numbers of artesian wells, which in some of the driest districts now provide abundant unfailing supplies of excellent water. The very large and extensive supply of underground water that has already been obtained in this way in some of the very driest districts of the colony has led to the idea that before long much of the land may be rescued from the pastoral occupant and devoted to other purposes which may give employment to a much larger population. Even should the most sanguine of such anticipations be realized, however, there will always remain very large areas of the continent of Australia fitted for the pastoralist alone, on which the characteristic wool of the country may be grown, and from which enough may be exported to supply the demand of all other parts of the civilized world.

WHAT EARLIER SAILORS ENDURED.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U. S. N.

SEA-GOING always has been and always will be a life of denial and hardship, but up to the end of the eighteenth century these denials and hardships were cruel and rigorous in the extreme. Curiously enough, the sea writers have usually understated the horrors of those days; and after making every allowance for the malicious exaggerations of Smollett, who was unfitted for the service he abused, it must be admitted that the life was in essentials worse than he described it to be in *Roderick Random*. Cruises were long and heart-breaking; ships were small, ill-equipped, and rotten; battles, filled with appalling slaughter, were frequent; and as no laws of hygiene were systematically ordered or observed, the navy was devastated by the scourge of scurvy. While the ships were engaged for months and months in the unrelieved blockades of ports it was impossible to supply the men with fresh provisions or water, and shore liberty was entirely out of the question. When to the alertness of mind demanded by this duty was added the strain imposed physically, is it a wonder that even the strongest broke down? These conditions existed even during the early part of this century, notably during the blockade of Brest by Lord St. Vincent, when for a vexatious period of 120 days not a single meal of fresh provisions was available for the crew.

The only adopted remedy for scurvy—the accepted antiscorbutic—was beer; and as water could not be kept sweet in casks for any length of time, beer, often of the vilest character, became at seasons on some stations the chief beverage of crews. Grog as a part of the ration had not been served out up to the middle of the eighteenth century, though the Dutch were even then in the habit of giving their crews a nip of Hollands before going into action. The "die-hards of England" derisively termed this "Dutch courage," but unfairly, for no men ever less needed a stimulant to valor than did the redoubtable fighters from the dikes, who in their day swept the Channel with brooms at the royal mast-heads, and burned the shipping in the lower reaches of the Thames.

Scurvy, which annually carried off thousands of English sailor-men, was more destructive than villanous saltpetre and grape-shot; for while it is true that in the Seven Years' War 1512 seamen and marines were killed, yet over 133,000 died of disease or were reported missing. Undoubtedly many of the missing were deserters, but as the sternest precautions were taken against this offence, the fact still remains that the deaths from the ship-acquired diseases—mainly from scurvy—must have been enormous. Indeed, it was not until the return of Cook from his second voyage that the preventive value of lime-juice was recognized, and it was only in Rodney's time, mainly through the great work of Sir Gilbert Blane, fleet surgeon, that any intelligent general attention was given to the hygienic necessities of ship's life.

Though lime-juice had been in use since 1796, Lord St. Vincent was the first to make it (*circa* 1800) an inseparable article of the seaman's diet after a certain period at sea. The order was that "after a month at sea the daily allowance of each man for the next three weeks was to be one ounce of lime-juice and half an ounce of sugar mixed in a half-pint bottle. After three weeks it was to be served out every other day until the ship returned to port. The first lieutenant, master, and surgeon were to inspect the mixing and see that it was taken. Other precautions were adopted. Properly fitted sick-bays were substituted for the old sick-berths behind screens. Ships' store-rooms and wings were rearranged with a view to improved ventilation. Dry scrubbing with sand and holy-stones on the lower and orlop decks was ordered instead of the previous washing. More frequent airing of the bedding was enforced every week when the weather permitted. On September 23, 1800, an order was issued that all seamen were to be vaccinated who wished it.

"These and kindred arrangements were planned so judiciously, and enforced with so much system and regularity, that when the fleet at length returned to Torbay, on October 19, 1800, there were only sixteen cases for the hospital out of the 23,000 men who composed the fleet."

Sea vocabularies were pithy and picturesque, and its language was frequent, fierce, quaint, and thunderous, larded with archaic aspirations as to your eyes and limbs, and briny and brimstony in similes. So common was this vice that it was boastingly declared of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, "He was never known to swear on board ship"—this abstention on *board ship* being an almost inconceivable mark of self-restraint, worthy of the angels to whom Admiral Hawke compared his two victorious captains at Quiberon. And this mention of Quiberon recalls not only the neglect of the fleet by the government, even after a victory which had saved the island from invasion, but the consequent popularity of an epigram written of the "Great Fifty-nine" (as the sea-fight was called), which goes as follows:

> Ere Hawke did bang
> Monsieur Conflans
> You sent us beef and beer;
> Now Monsieur's beat
> We've nought to eat
> Since you have nought to fear.

The navy was almost entirely recruited by impressment, and this was carried on with unnecessary hardships, often with great cruelty. Bounties were offered for seamen who volunteered—who were "persuaded," as the phrase went—but none was given to the landsmen, of whom a good proportion was carried in every ship. When free enlistment failed to secure crews, and it always did fail in war-times, recourse was had to the "press." The excitement and rewards of this became a disease almost; for even when persuasion might have succeeded, and a reasonable security existed that enough men would come in, the quicker method of compulsion—pure and simple in its brutality—was adopted.

Press-gangs were recruited from the sailors who habitually enlisted in the navy—the backbone of the service, they were fondly called—and these heroes of the doctored dram, the slung-shot, the cudgel, and the deft hanger were put in charge of "active officers"—this being usually but another name, a euphemism, for rum-hardened, determined ruffians. These gentry established rendezvouses in the sailor districts of the seaport towns, and here men were gathered—freely when they would come, but mainly by clapping hands on them or bludgeoning them in the fashion described in *Roderick Random*. Other active officers were given the command of brisk and handy tenders, which swarmed at the mouths of the Channel, awaiting homeward-bound merchantmen and their hapless crews. When one was sighted, the cutters made a tight race for first entrance, and the ship was brought in the wind by a gunshot across the bow. Occasionally the shot plumped on board or the ship resisted, and then some of the crew were apt to be maimed or killed. A notable case of this kind happened once when one of Rodney's lieutenants attempted to bring to the ship *Britannia* off Portland Bill. In the mêlée which followed resistance four poor fellows were killed by the boarders of the tender *Princess Augusta*, Lieutenant Robert Sax commanding. The men thus taken out in the king's name were given scant justice, as they were forced to serve any indefinite period on any indefinite station, and often without so much as an hour's sojourn on the land they had just sighted after months of deep-sea sailing.

The simplicity of this plan made it much favored, as it did not interfere with trade nor arouse the clamor of merchants who had a vote, and it saved the press-gangs a deal of trouble hunting the men in the back streets of towns and along the dusty highroads. Of course it was a cruel fate for the poor fellows seized in such brutal fashion just as home lifted above the horizon; but brutality was at a premium then, and the sea ruffian was a "bucko" beloved of the state. Then, too, it was legal enough—a survival of that crown prerogative by which, for example, Edward the Third ordered the Lord Marchers to bring up just as many Welshmen as were needed for his French wars. Its downfall was due to Wilkes, during the Wilkes and Liberty period, but not for poor humanity's sake. He saw in its suppression a political lever, and he pried with it until he toppled over the system and his enemies, notwithstanding the frenzied insistence of Chatham, who implored the ministers to authorize its practice if they wished England to maintain her place among the nations. Indirectly one good thing came out of it, for it gave her one of the famous sea worthies of the world, Captain James Cook, the discoverer. When war broke out between England and France in 1756, a "hot press" was ordered. Cook, then mate of a collier, was lying in the Thames, and as a prime seaman without particular friends, he was a shining mark for "the persuasions" (the wise call it "a fico for the phrase") of the recruiting-officers. He went in hiding at first, but finding his precaution against the crimps and the gangs in vain, he determined to go to Rodney's rendezvous in Wapping, and like the long-headed Yorkshireman he was, to secure the bounty and the prospect of advances as a volunteer, rather than be seized as a pressed man, for whom there would be neither shillings nor ratings.

PLACED IN IRONS.

It was the turning-point of his life, and he refers to it with quaint thankfulness in his journals.

One thing, however, both volunteers and pressed men were sure to share alike, if they did not keep a sharp eye to windward of the officers' favors, and that was flogging. For this punishment was nearly as common then as morning colors; and, indeed, when Cook came to his command, notably in his first voyage, he never spared the cat if occasion demanded. It is set down in the narrative how the butcher of the *Endeavour* threatened to cut the throat of a Tahitian woman with a reaping-hook because she refused to sell him a native stone hatchet for an iron nail. When the charge was examined and established, orders were given for immediate punishment. The sanguinary butcher was stripped and triced up to the gratings in the rigging, "the Indians preserving a fixed attention, and awaiting the event in silent suspense. But as soon as the first stroke was inflicted, such was the humanity of these people that they interfered with great agitation, and earnestly entreated that the rest of the punishment might be remitted. To this, however, the lieutenant [Cook's grade at that time] could not, for various reasons, give his consent, and when the natives found that their intercessions were ineffectual, they manifested their compassion by tears." I am sure the lieutenant did quite right, and that the butcher deserved an exemplary dozen well laid on.

Flogging was always an affair of ceremony on board ships of war, the offenders being brought to the mast by the ship's police on the morning of the day appointed, and all hands piped to witness punishment. The boatswain's mate, cat in hand, stood by the gangway, and near him were assembled the officer of the deck, the first lieutenant, the captain, and the surgeon. The other officers of the ship were ranged on the quarter-deck, and the crew was mustered in the gangway and abaft the mast on the port side. All being ready, the offence and sentence were read aloud, the culprit was stripped of his shirt, triced up by the hands to the suspended grating, and as the lashes were deftly laid over his bare back a petty officer called out their number. The hardened old tars took it philosophically enough after the first time under the biting thongs, but many a brave lad's spirit was broken by its unpardonable brutality, many a promising career shunted into evil by the stinging cross-cuttings of that devil's lash.

Keelhauling was a method of naval discipline particularly in vogue with the Dutch navy, for as Van Tromp swept the Channel with a broom at his mast-head, his countrymen sometimes used human sweepers under their keels. In large square-rigged vessels the victim was lashed to a spar, and had iron weights secured to his feet; spans were secured to this spar, and lines were led from it to the main-yard. When all was ready the culprit was swayed up to the main-yard, dropped into the sea, and hauled under the ship to the other side. Here is the way Marryat describes its operation in that small cutter where Smallbones suffered, and Snarleyow was thought to be a dog-fiend: "This ingenious process," he writes, "is nothing more nor less than scudding a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with the ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the keelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling-line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because when so long under the water he had expended all the breath in his body and induced to take salt water in lieu. . . . In the days of keelhauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were all studded with a species of shell-fish called barnacles, which attached themselves; and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made to hug the keelson of the vessel by the ropes at each side fastened to their arms) were cut and scored all over the body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part. But this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion."

No words can add to this weird description of a very old and hearty sea way of murdering. All the officers of

THE SPREAD-EAGLE PUNISHMENT.

junior and middle rank, and all the men, whether volunteered, shanghaied, or pressed, were systematically underpaid and robbed.

Here is a picture painted in 1767 by Captain Augustus Hervey, when he succeeded in passing through the House of Commons a measure for improving the half-pay of naval lieutenants by the addition of a shilling a day to the miserable pittance of two shillings which they had hitherto received: "The lieutenants on half-pay are now starving for want of subsistence, hiding themselves in the most remote corners of the country—some for fear of gaols, which their necessities and their misfortunes, not their faults, have reduced them to be afraid of; others to hide their wants from the world, being ashamed to appear where they cannot support that character which their long services, great merits, and a delicate sense of honor entitles them to. These, sir, in a few years must be lost to the country. Already but too many of them have been obliged to seek with their families a settlement in America. Many are reduced to go as second mates in merchant-ships; others have fixed themselves in trades."

The sailor, both naval and merchant, was everywhere the prey of harpies, official and unofficial. For the support of maimed and worn-out naval seamen, a "Chest" (locked with five keys to prevent individual peculation) was maintained at Chatham. This fund had been started in the days of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Francis Drake and other sea worthies, and had by 1800 grown through the accretions of years into a great sum, capable of relieving many needs; and yet, out of 5205 pensions, only 309 were paid directly to claimants, the rest going to land-sharks who had cajoled the rightful owners out of powers of attorney. The prize-money was also most unequally distributed or withheld, in some cases the shares of the enlisted men being kept by the agents for eight years after the awards had been made.

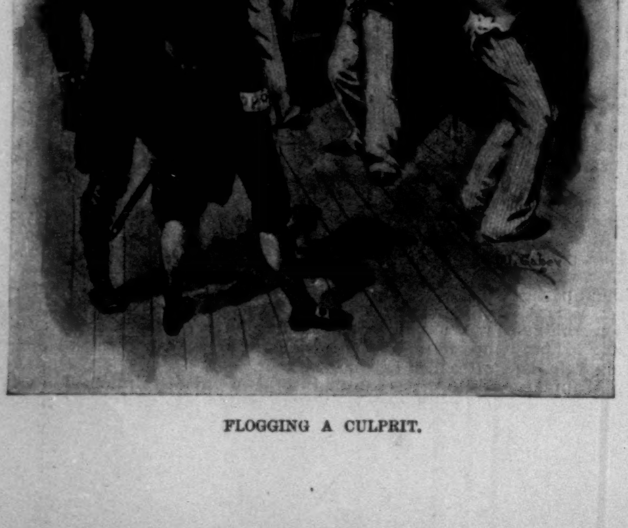
Merchant seamen were robbed both ashore and afloat, but nowhere more scandalously than by the government in its administration of what was known as the Sixpenny Office. Beginning with 1694, all mariners were compelled to contribute sixpence each month out of their wages for the support of Greenwich Hospital, upon the promise that they would be entitled to the benefits of that institution. In 1747 this tax was raised to one shilling, and was continued in its iniquity up to 1851, without the least privilege ever having been accorded the merchant mariner, whose contributions at that date exceeded $10,000,000. When the robbery was examined into, about 1800, it was learned that the permanent establishment for the collection of the duty consisted of three salaried commissioners. The first, the receiver of the tax, was an invalid, who never went anywhere; the second, the accountant, was a gentleman of elegant leisure, who never went to the office; and the third, the treasurer, was a professor at Cambridge University, who never knew where the office was located.

Even the sick and unfortunate were robbed. A Parliamentary inquiry into the Sick and Wounded Office proved that on board one ship, assigned to sick prisoners of war, "the surgeon's chief assistant kept a table for the officers at a cost of £2000 a year, the wretches in the wardroom consuming the very articles supplied for sick prisoners. The charge of prisoners of war, when wounded and sick, had thus fallen into the hands of a set of villains whose consciences were proof against pity."

Is it any wonder that, notwithstanding the punishments inflicted when captured, desertions from such surroundings were so frequent, or that many fine men abandoned their lives of privation and misery and turned sea-rovers and pirates?

In those parlous days, in all services, as in these days with the English and ourselves, the marines were the ships' police, and bitter was the hatred in which they and all other soldiers were held by the old-time mariners. The dislike for soldiers by sailors dated from the early days when the former commanded fleets; for originally the sailors who worked the English ships were not the fighting-men. "It was the sagacity of the Tudor sovereigns, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which devised a separate class of fighting sea officers, trained to the sea. Until the supremacy of the English over the Dutch navy was at last secured, soldier officers and sailors were still much intermixed. It was perhaps partly, besides the natural tendency of things, the rise of such first-rate sailors as Sir John Narborough and Sir Cloudesley Shovel which prevented the recurrence of the old irregularity in this matter. Making their way up from the rank of common seamen, these gallant and accomplished men, trained in the royal navy from their earliest days, proved themselves so perfectly competent for the service in all the requirements of the period that the fashion insensibly changed, and if a soldier now and then crept in from the court, or from some great family, he found he must relinquish all his former ideas and become a sailor out and out."—(Burrows.)

Still, the scions of good families who were soldiers and not sailors did press their way into a service which was always popular, and by family influence, which was and is still potent in that branch, did force themselves above the heads of more deserving men. No one liked this, fore and aft, and the hatred engendered lay at the bottom of much of the discord which wrecked so many joint expeditions. The feeling found expression in the lower ranks by such terms as "landlubber" on one side and "drunken swab" on the other; while in the higher grades men like General Mostyn, as reported by Horace Walpole, declared "he was not amphibious enough to like seamen, because there was as much difference between a sailor and a landsman as between a sea-horse and a land horse."



FLOGGING A CULPRIT.

All readers of the *Pilot* will remember Coxswain Long Tom Coffin's answer when Captain Burroughcliff tried to persuade him to enlist in his soldier company, so that he might secure his life and liberty. "Tom did not laugh aloud," writes Cooper, "for that was a burst of feeling in which he was seldom known to indulge, but every feature of his weather-beaten visage contracted into an expression of bitter, ironical contempt," as he "gave vent to his emotion in these words:

"'A messmate before a shipmate; a shipmate before a stranger; a stranger before a dog; but a dog before a soldier.'"

This was of course a briny growl, a rough sea-humor, redolent of tar and marline-spikes, but with enough of shadowy truth to make it palatable to a "fo'k's'le" audience. For those were the days when these hearts of oak endured only their own class, and cherished a curious antipathy to landsmen in general and to soldiers in particular—beggarly lubbers and lobster-backs and jollies, as they dubbed them.

Up to the second half of our century this dislike included the marines; indeed, its persistency was due to them; for when not drilling and fighting—and there was plenty of both—the routine work of marines on shipboard was police and sentry duty. The proper performance of this brought them into rough-and-ready conflict with all violators of sea discipline; and as the bluejacket was apt, in and out of season, to run amuck, and to get caught at it, his turn at the gratings came too often to let him feel kindly toward the person who had reported him. This dislike was often encouraged by the officers, at least negatively, and for what they called "the best interests of the service." In some ships the marines were isolated from the seamen by a line as clearly cut as that separating the officers and enlisted men, and any association was discouraged, as tending to impair the discipline.

THE METHOD OF KEELHAULING.

It can be easily imagined that the life of the marines under such circumstances was not a happy one. Their constabulary duties were trying and ungrateful; their charges were enterprising and reckless. Posted between two fires—Coventry forward, black list aft—they got many of the kicks and none of the ha'pence; but be it said that they rarely failed when called upon to assist in the maintenance of discipline and in the suppression of disorder. As both classes progressed in intelligence, and were better cared for in food and pay and in liberty to go ashore, police duties grew lighter; and finally, when hard drinking was banned fore and aft, and the grog ration was abolished, a friendlier feeling was established, and the old lines of personal antagonism gradually disappeared.

I say *personal* advisedly, for it must be recognized that the official presence of marines on shipboard is deemed a slur, a reflection upon the seamen, and these naturally ask: "Why should a soldier be hired to watch a sailor? Why should the billets of sea-going men be taken by people who are not trained for sea-work and not expected to perform it?" As it is, the complements of ships are altogether too small for the cleaning, coaling, sailing, and fighting, and why should they be reduced still farther by the employment of men who do not clean, coal, nor sail them?

These are very interesting and useful questions, which somehow seem to fail of an answer.

AMATEUR SPORT

The golf of 1896 was marked by a steady and consistent advance in the standard of play. We had more golf and better golf than ever before, and while some familiar names disappeared from the prize lists, the winning scores amply testified to the greater skill of the new-comers. The most casual comparison of the average medal scores of 1895 with those of the last season will show that the proportion of cards in double figures is fully one to four. Of course this improvement is partly due to better putting-greens and smoother courses, but the principal factor is still the player himself. Eighty men went to the tee for the opening round of the amateur championship meeting at Shinnecock, which was about twice as many as drove off the year before at Newport. It was a representative meeting, and in results eminently satisfactory.

The standard of play was higher than it had been the previous autumn at Newport, nevertheless there were perhaps a score of men at Shinnecock whose rightful rating is Class B, and whose chances of getting beyond the first or second rounds were not worth recording. We have annually witnessed the lawn-tennis championship tournament at Newport drawn out to unnecessary and tiresome length because of the entrance of outclassed players; we hope a similar spectacle is not to be yearly furnished us by golf. A man should earn his right to play in any championship tournament—and golf has outgrown the period when its national event may be viewed as a nursery of instruction for the infantile golfer, nor yet as an occasion for the display of eccentric patterns in Scotch stockings.

It is beyond question that ex-champion Macdonald was not playing his best game when he was put out by Mr. Thorp in the first match round of the '96 championship; but the latter's victory was nevertheless a notable event in American golf. It is perhaps just as well that Mr. Whigham was able to carry off the final honors so easily, and so put the bar of attainment a peg or two higher. Golf is more fortunate than lawn-tennis in having thus early established a really first-class standard of excellence. The "shining mark" is indispensable to the development of the best that may be in us. Thanks therefore to Messrs. Stoddart and Macdonald, who first showed us, and to Mr. Whigham and to the others of the foreign contingent who continue to show us, golf as it should be played.

With the great increase in the number of players who may fairly claim positions on their club scratch lists the question of absolute ranking becomes a difficult one.

And, indeed, it is doubtful if any list attempting an order of merit of the first twenty players would be generally accepted as final. In golf, more than in any other game of skill, a player's form may vary from day to day and from week to week, and for no discoverable cause. He is playing his game or he is not, and that is all that can be said, physical disabilities excepted. It would be an easy way out of the difficulty to take the sixteen men who qualified for the match rounds at Shinnecock and call that the honor list, but it would hardly stand severe scrutiny. In the first place, there were several absentees, notably the Tweedies and D. R. Forgan, of Chicago. Certainly each of these three men would have secured a place among the medal survivors, if nothing more. And, again, there are two or three players on that list whose general average of play for the season has been distinctly below that shown by other men who failed to qualify at Shinnecock. And yet again, there are other younger men who, with the practice of the summer behind them, have been coming rapidly to the fore in the autumn competitions. It is clear that a conventional roll of honor will not answer.

This much, however, may be said regarding the results at Shinnecock: the silver-medallist, Mr. Thorp (Cambridge), is clearly entitled to the first place among our native golfers, for no man could survive such a test of nerve and skill and owe his victory to chance. An especial qualification for the highest success at golf lies in a player's ability to produce his game when it is called for. Now Mr. Thorp is not remarkable as a medal-player. On June 17, a month before the amateur meeting, he turned in a gross score of 103 in an Essex County (Massachusetts) handicap tournament. At the Chicago tournament in September the best he could do was 99 in the scratch medal competition, and 94 (gross) in the handicap. But he played a hard match round against H. J. Tweedie, one of the strongest of the foreign players, losing by two up and one to play, and he won the Ravinoak's Cup for native players by easy margins. At Shinnecock he defeated successively C. B. Macdonald, W. H. Sands, and H. P. Toler. All this goes to show that Thorp is at his best in the match game, which is of course the original and true form of golf. The National Amateur Tournament is the biggest one of the year, and the man who is capable of doing his best work just when the best work is required is certainly entitled to all the honors he may win.

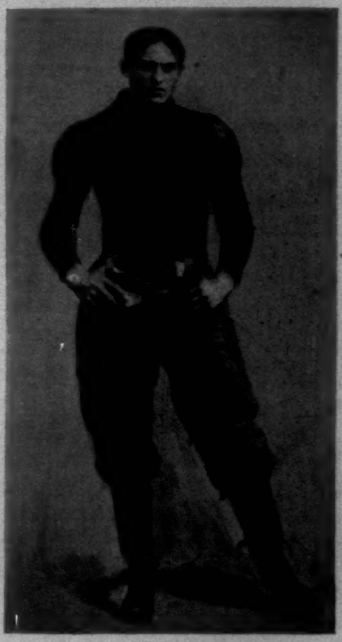
What has been said of Thorp's work is also true of Toler's, and the latter (as bronze-medallist at Shinnecock) is fairly entitled to rank immediately below him. But this is as far as we may safely proceed in the scale of relative ranking. To judge from the results of the open competitions of the year would be about equivalent to shaking up a dozen names in a bag and drawing them out like lottery tickets. H. R. Sweny, of Albany and St. Andrews, is perhaps at the top in the actual number of prizes won, though W. H. Sands (St. Andrews), A. H. Fenn (Palmetto), and H. C. Leeds (Myopia) have all a fair-sized string to their credit. Conditions vary so widely that any analysis is untrustworthy.

Undoubtedly the fairest and the most definite method of classification is to divide the players so as to indicate in a measure the conditions under which they have played their game. Accordingly, it is reasonable to include in one lot those golfers who have learned their game abroad and played it from boyhood. In this division may be put H. J. Whigham, C. B. Macdonald, H. J. Tweedie, A. M. Coats, L. P. Tweedie, and D. R. Forgan. All of these players, with the exception of Coats, belong to Chicago, and have played but little in Eastern tournaments.

In a second division may be placed the older men, who have taken up the game within the last three or four years, and learned it on our American greens. Such a list would include J. G. Thorp (Cambridge), H. P. Toler (Baltusrol), H. R. Sweny (St. Andrews), W. H. Sands (St. Andrews—champion of his club for '95 and '96), A. H. Fenn (Palmetto), J. A. Tyng (Morris County), H. C. Leeds (Myopia), James Park (St. Andrews), J. R. Chadwick (St. Andrews), J. Lynch (Lakewood), B. S. de Garmendia (St. Andrews), H. G. Trevor (Shinnecock), A. S. Livermore (St. Andrews), and E. C. Rushmore (Tuxedo). And there are others—many others, it may be—but these players have shown the most fairly consistent form of the year, and it is utterly impossible to keep pace with individual development at the clubs. We must restrict comment to those only who have been seen oftenest in tournament play.

In a third division may be placed the young players, who are virtually the new additions to the scratch list. W. Bayard Cutting (Westbrook) would properly head this division, and following his name should come those of H. B. Hollins, Jun. (Westbrook), L. P. Bayard (Baltusrol), R. H. Dickson (Niagara), R. Terry, Jun. (Ardsley), F. C. and H. O. Havemeyer (Newport), C. L. Tappin (Westbrook), and Beverly Ward, Jun. (Baltusrol). It will be remembered that young Dickson won the International Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake from a large field, while the Havemeyer brothers made their reputation at the Newport meeting by winning the foursomes from Tyng and Toler.

As to the Woman's Championship, Miss Hoyt (Shinnecock) won first honors, and unquestionably stands at the head of the list. Mrs. Arthur Turnure (Shinnecock),



BROKAW—END.

HILDEBRAND—TACKLE.

TWO '96 PRINCETON FOOTBALL-PLAYERS OF GREAT PROMISE.

Strayhorn. Anderson. Graham. Tait. Vischer. Jenkins.
Lamar. Dixon. Glover. Richeson. Holcombe.

Boykin. Sargent. Hervey. Mizon. Scarborough. Stokes. Mitcham.
Nelson. Purifay. Williams (Mgr.). Tichenor (Capt.). Byrum. Pearce.

THE 1896 AUBURN COLLEGE (ALABAMA) FOOTBALL TEAM, WHICH CLOSED THE SOUTHERN SEASON SECOND TO GEORGIA UNIVERSITY.

Miss F. C. Griscom (Philadelphia County), Mrs. William Shippen (Morris County), Miss Cora Oliver (Albany), Miss F. K. McLane (Baltimore), and Miss Sargent (Brookline), make up a second group. The general improvement in the women's play over last year was even more evident than that shown by the men.

Altogether a successful year for golf, both in quantity and quality.

THERE ARE OTHER GOLFERS of both sexes who while not having attained distinction in the championship tournaments or played elsewhere with sufficient regularity or adequate skill to warrant recognition in the year's ranking, nevertheless are deserving of mention. On such a list for men we have Messrs. L. A. and J. W. Biddle, F. H. and Charles Bohlen, W. M. McCawley and M. Hutchinson, all of the Philadelphia Country Club; Daniel Chauncey (Rockaway), L. E. Van Etten (Knollwood), R. B. Kerr and Paul T. Kimball (Lakewood), and H. M. Billings (Ardsley). Then there are of those who have shown first-class form, L. B. Stoddart (St. Andrews), who won the championship in '95, but fell off in play in '96, F. W. Menzies (St. Andrews), and E. C. Kent (Tuxedo), who played but little this year.

A list might be indefinitely extended, for there are dozens of men whose names appear in tournaments here and there, and who even now and again put up an exceedingly good game.

OF THE WOMEN a supplementary list would include Miss Sands (Westchester), who unexplainedly and unexpectedly retired from the championship tournament after going partially through it; Mrs. Brown (Shinnecock), who showed so strong a game in '95, but did not enter the '96 championship, and Miss Ford (Morristown), who, like Mrs. Brown, gave this year no tournament revelations of her form. Carrying on the cataloguing we should have Miss Alice Strong (Lakewood), Mrs. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (Onwentsia), Miss Anabel Green (Englewood), and Mrs. G. Richmond Parsons.

THERE WILL BE A MEETING IN FEBRUARY of the United States Golf Association, and it seems advisable that the Executive Committee should take occasion to somewhat clarify certain portions of Sections 9 and 10, which were amended in November last.

As it now stands, Section 9 reads:

SEC. 9. An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never received a money consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game, or for example of his skill in or knowledge of golf, nor laid out nor taken charge of golf links for hire; who has never contended for a money prize in an open competition; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years; who has never personally made golf clubs, balls, or any other articles connected with the game for sale; and who on and after January 1, 1897, has never played a match game against a professional for a money bet or stake, nor played in a club competition for a money prize or sweepstakes.

In general this is an exceedingly good rule, and the Association, by its adoption, evinced a thorough appreciation of the needs of the day. But it should be simplified. Considerable uncertainty is felt as to the precise bearing intended by "for example of his skill in or knowledge of golf." "Example of skill" was evidently intended to refer to either teaching or exhibiting for money, while "knowledge of golf" must also apply to teaching, or club-making, or laying out links. As teaching and club-making and the laying out of links are severally cited elsewhere, the amendment appears in this particular to be tautological and confusing.

AS IT READS NOW, "knowledge of golf" might be stretched to include those that occasionally or regularly contribute to the literature, so called, of golf. To keep track of the men who now and again collect and write the golfing news of the day would be a large undertaking indeed, besides which it was probably foreign to the Executive Committee's intent that the scribbling golfer should be arraigned at the bar of professionalism. In my judgment, the amendment would be cleared of its ambiguity and the rule strengthened if it were revised to read:

An amateur golfer shall be one who has never received, directly or indirectly, pecuniary remuneration for playing, for giving instruction, or for exhibition of his skill; who has not, for hire, laid out or taken care or charge of golf links; who has not occupied a salaried position in any club having golf or any sport as an incidental or prominent feature.... who has never personally made for sale or sold golf clubs, balls, or other articles employed in the play of the game proper....

Such a rule, it seems to me, covers all that we wish to cover, including the club and ball drummer, who, under the present Rule 9, is not penalized, and the salaried club "assistant secretary" or "superintendent," who is rather clumsily ostracized in Section 10. Besides, it clears up the vagueness of "any other articles connected with the game," which might bring under the ban merchants dealing in golfing clothes, shoes, stockings, gloves, etc.

SECTION 10 ALSO NEEDS SIMPLIFICATION.

SEC. 10. No person shall be eligible to compete for the amateur championship or in any golfing contest between clubs, members of this association, who, after January 1, 1897, has received compensation for services performed in any athletic organization or in any capacity connected with the game of golf. But persons debarred by any of the foregoing provisions of this section, having become ineligible by violation thereof, may, by the Executive Committee, be duly reinstated if their position then conforms with the rules and regulations of this association. But no person once a professional can be reinstated as an amateur. Only members of clubs belonging to this association, subscribers for the season thereto, and those entitled under the rules of any associate or allied club to the use of the links, in whole or in part, for a period not less than the entire current season, can compete for the amateur and women's championships, and competitors must enter for the championships through the secretaries of their respective clubs, who, in sending in their names, shall be held to certify that the players are *bona fide* golfers in accordance with the terms of the foregoing definition.

What is meant by "any athletic organization," and what class of employees is referred to by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf"?

Manifestly the Executive Committee intended "athletic organization" to allude to athletic or other clubs where sport of one kind or another obtains, and the restriction against those in "any capacity connected with the game" to apply to employees of such clubs. Perhaps, too, this restriction was intended for the sporting-goods drummer, though it very indefinitely expresses that wish.

Some of the legal lights of the technical sporting journals have advanced the opinion that "athletic organization," for the purposes of the U. S. Golf Association, includes mercantile houses dealing in golfing paraphernalia, and therefore that members of such firms are ineligible to association tournaments or to the national championships.

WITHOUT DISPUTING THE LEGAL PREMISES upon which such a conclusion is based, it would be certainly an unprecedented and extravagant flight of fancy to catalogue as "athletic organizations" such sporting-goods dealers as the Messrs. Spalding & Brothers, Wright & Ditson, and Schoverling, Daly, & Gales, not to mention others that confine their stock to one or two lines. It may be, though just how is not entirely clear to me, that some such interpretation can be wrenched from Section 10, but certainly it is not the meaning of the Executive Committee that a member of one of these mercantile houses, or a clerk connected with one of them in "any capacity," should, on that account alone, be debarred from amateur golf. If it were, then, pursuing the idea to a consistent issue, a member of the Messrs. Spalding & Brothers, for instance, or a clerk in their employ, would be disqualified from not only golf, but from baseball, lawn-tennis, polo, hockey, rowing, skating, bicycling, track athletics—in fact, from the entire field of amateur sport. Such illogical situations are not the result of judicious rule-making, and not the desire of the U. S. Golf Association, I am very sure. It is well always to be consistent and deliberately fair. The health and prosperity of the sport are the better preserved thereby.

THE MAN THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEANS to exclude from amateur golf, and whose expulsion from all amateur sport we unhesitatingly endorse, is the one who, under the guise of sport for sport's sake, uses the game as a vehicle for advancing his material interests. Such a one was the Class B bicycle-rider, who, under salary to some manufacturer or dealer, toured the country, ostensibly to compete in the various racing tournaments, but really to advertise and to sell the particular make of bicycle he was paid to ride. Such a one is the sporting-goods drummer who plies his trade on the golf links, the lawn-tennis court, or the baseball diamond. Unquestionably a golfer has the right to choose his vocation and to pursue it unremittingly, but he has not the right to drag his business into his or into my sport. He has not the right to assume to play for the sake of the game when in actual fact he plays because of the opportunity the game affords him of selling the goods for which he is agent.

This is the individual whose identity should be disclosed, and to whose entrance all amateur competitions must be barred.

THE OTHER POSSIBLE APPLICATION of that part of Section 10 which refers to "athletic organizations" and men employed in "any capacity connected with the game of golf," is against the playing of the salaried officials of clubs partially or wholly devoted to sport. But one case of this kind has come to my notice in this country, and that from Chicago; but in Great Britain the practice is quite a common one. Whatever the English precedent may be, the action of the U. S. Golf Association in forbidding amateur competition to this class of players is far-seeing and absolutely unassailable. Many practices in golf and other games obtain on the other side that could not be introduced on this side of the Atlantic without much danger to the healthful tone of our sport. British license is repeatedly cited for American emulation by golfing papers which proclaim devotion to the game's New World interest, and whose editors should more carefully study the differing conditions and environment and traditions of English and American golf before committing their untutored arguments to type.

YET ANOTHER MOST COMMENDABLE feature of the Association's revised rules is the provision against a professional in any other branch of sport being accepted as an amateur in golf. It contains a suggestion that could be adopted with profit by other organizations governing other branches of amateur sport. We need, more than anything else in the field of sport, a general conference of legislators, and agreement upon and promulgation of a uniform and universally accepted definition of an amateur. That a man may be an amateur in one branch of sport and do what would make him a professional in another branch, is certainly demoralizing inconsistency. There ought to be in the United States a supreme court of sporting ethics—a court composed of one representative each from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania; one each from the Eastern, Southern, Western, and Pacific coast Inter-collegiate Athletic Associations, and one from the New England Inter-collegiate League; one each from the Amateur Athletic Union, the League of American Wheelmen, the U. S. Golf Association, the National Skating Association, the rowing associations, and, in fact, one from every department of amateur sport—its mission being simply the adjustment, at an annual meeting, of all questions arising in regard to the ethics of amateur sport. It would be a powerfully influential body, and a much needed one.

RETURNING AGAIN TO SECTION 10 of the U. S. Golf Association's rules:—it seems that some further defining is demanded by the general misunderstanding of the meaning intended to be conveyed, and the complications likely to arise therefrom. "Athletic organizations" should be changed to read, clubs or organizations partially or wholly devoted to one or more branches of amateur sport, and the "capacity connected with the game of golf" precisely stated.

Should the Executive Committee approve the suggestions I have made touching Section 9, and embody them in a revision of that rule, the first half of Section 10 as it now stands would be redundant, as the cases of the sporting-goods drummer and the salaried club player would be effectually settled by the amended Section 9.

THE LATEST EVIDENCE of the sustained and growing golfing interest is the movement for the formation of an inter-collegiate association. In November a team match was played, at Ardsley Casino on Hudson, between Yale and Columbia, and a fillip given to the desire for the establishment of an annual contest which would be open to all colleges that might care for representation. Last week a preliminary meeting was held at the University Athletic Club, New York, to which came delegates from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia. Much interest was expressed in the project, and the meeting was unanimous in declaring for association, the following resolution being adopted:

To recommend to the colleges the adoption of a constitution providing for the appointment of a representative executive committee, with power to arrange an inter-collegiate championship match to be held annually, and to select the links where the contest will be decided.

A proposed constitution was roughly drafted, which will be submitted to the interested clubs, and subsequently another meeting held, probably in February or March, for perfected organization. The idea obtains that the first championship will be given in May, and very likely at the Ardsley Casino. This inter-collegiate association will, as it should, of course, be subordinate to the U. S. Golf Association, which fully endorses the project, and will act in an advisory rather than an executive capacity.

THE MOST SATISFYING EVIDENCE of a revival in track-athletic interest, too long delayed, is provided this winter by the attractive schedule of in-door games. For the last three years most of the in-door athletic entertainment has been furnished by the regimental games, all of them fairly good, and those of the Seventh Regiment notably excellent. But now there has come a return of the old spirit, noticeable on the close of the out-door season, and with it a promise of some rare sport. The New Jersey Athletic Club, one of the few clubs that have not forsaken the in-door exhibitions, proposes a meeting in Madison Square Garden, February 13, the programme of which will, among other interesting events, include the two-mile steeple-chase championship and the ten-mile championship, both for national honors.

The Boston Athletic Association, which has continued its annual handicap in-door meeting throughout the now passing period of athletic decadence, has this year chosen February 6 as the date and Mechanics Hall (Boston) as the scene of its games. The special features include short dashes, in which the best performers of the day will be seen, a one-mile invitation run, and that most interesting of all events, a team relay race, in which the leading colleges have been invited to enter teams.

In-door athletics are very active at the University of Pennsylvania, and a large meeting is promised at the Academy of Music (Philadelphia) in the near future.

PROBABLY THE MOST PRETENTIOUS, and certainly the most novel, of the winter athletic entertainments, is the military and athletic carnival of sports being given this week in Madison Square Garden. It should appeal to all classes of amusement-seekers by the variety of its programme, and because of the worthy purpose for which it is given, viz., to endow hospital beds for the National Guard of Greater New York. There are to be athletic competitions of many kinds, bicycle-races, and military exhibitions that promise to be fully as instructive as entertaining. There are to be battery and infantry drills, and the greater part of one afternoon devoted to Troop F, Third United States Cavalry, undoubtedly one of the most skilful bodies of horsemen in the world.

THE SO-CALLED "YALE CONSOLIDATED" football eleven tour of the South deteriorated, as expected, into a very insignificant jaunt indeed. The South failed to view the exhibition of the professional team with expected admiration. In fact, the excursion created very little stir, and the schedule of games was a most unimportant one, because all the leading college and athletic teams refused to jeopard their amateur status by playing with the Northern professionals. Those teams that did play had no particular status to be affected. The schedule consisted of three games—one with the Nashville Athletic Club, one with a job lot of players that dubbed themselves the "All-Alabama" eleven, and one with a team from a small college known as the Southwestern Baptist University.

The only impression made by the touring team was an unpleasant one, and the chief result has been to add bitterness to the opposition of that class of people which, because of general ignorance and, in this respect, specific bigotry, is opposed to athletics. The South appears to have more of this class than any other section of the country. But then we are reliably informed there are people in the Southern backwoods districts yet voting for Andrew Jackson.

AS A MATTER FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, we print the names of this "Yale Consolidated" eleven: Sedgwick and Mainford, ends; Hotchkiss and Tucker, tackles; Brown and Sanford (captain), guards; Avery, centre; Wilson, quarter-back; Lyons and Hammond, half-backs; and Brink, full-back. Of these only Sanford, so far as I know, attended Yale, and he was not of the 'varsity team; Sedgwick is a Brown player, and the only quarter-back Wilson I know was the Wesleyan player of '96; if it be he, I am sorry to learn so good a quarter should have fallen into such company. The rest of the names are strange to first-class football.

Before leaving this touring question, it is pleasing to record the emphatic veto of the University of Pennsylvania's Faculty Athletic Committee to a scheme for a Western excursion projected by some of its students and recent graduates. I note also that a Missouri college has been confronted by a similar situation, and advise its faculty to deal with it vigorously. This touring business is menacing to wholesome college sport.

IN COMMENT ON THE WORK of the Army and Navy football teams, the types made the name of the Naval Academy eleven captain read Pavell, whereas it should have been Powell. A player so deserving of praise as this young cadet is entitled to it under his own name.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

CARDINAL SAN FELICE.

THE death, on January 2, of Cardinal Guglielmo San Felice di Acquarella, Archbishop of Naples, removes the most pronounced candidate of the royal house of Italy for the successor to Pope Leo XIII. San Felice had been Cardinal since 1884. That was the year when the cholera raged in Naples. It was the year when an intimate friendship began between King Humbert and the Archbishop. Together they visited the sick and dying, exposing themselves fearlessly to the terrible epidemic which that year was raging along the Mediterranean. The prince of the Church and the prince of the people worked side by side in mitigating suffering and in ministering to the afflicted. Cardinal San Felice soon became known as the favorite of the House of Savoy for the Papal succession. It was given out that his election as Pope would bring about a reconciliation between Vatican and Quirinal.

Cardinal San Felice was called the "idol of the Neapolitans." His charity was unlimited, his devotion to the cause of religion was unbounded. He was a man of impulses. Pomp and the desire for power apparently had no place in his make-up. For many years he had engaged in the political life of Naples. He was the arbiter in the local elections, and his influence was felt in civic as well as in religious circles far beyond the limits of the archdiocese of Naples. Before he became Archbishop he wore the dress of the order of Saint Benoit, and it was one of his customs to retire each year to the old abbey of Cava for study and rest. One of the causes of his great popularity among the Neapolitans was his devotion to the poor. It is said of him that once he sold his jewelled crozier to secure money to help the needy.

GREATER BOSTON'S NEW RESERVOIR.

BOSTON and the smaller cities of eastern Massachusetts need a better and greater supply of water. To furnish this, the State of Massachusetts has established the Metropolitan Water District, which includes Boston and twenty-seven cities and towns within a radius of ten miles from the gilded dome of the State House, and, at an enormous expense, has set about furnishing an abundant supply for these municipalities and their prospective 1,250,000 inhabitants. To do this, towns are being depopulated, and an immense reservoir is being constructed in the eastern part of Worcester County, at an expense sure to reach $30,000,000, and perhaps $50,000,000.

A gloom like death has settled over the valley of the upper Nashua, with its fertile farms and busy manufactories. The State will take, by right of eminent domain, the homes of 1711 people. Homes, farms, churches, schools—all will be swept away to make way for what will be the largest lake in Massachusetts. The spindles and looms in the busy cotton and woollen mills must cease their humming, and the operatives must seek places of employment elsewhere.

The new reservoir is to lie in the towns of Clinton, Sterling, Boylston, and West Boylston, with the big dam in the edge of Clinton. It will be nearly nine miles long, and will cover no less than 4195 acres to an average depth of 46 feet; will contain 63,068,000,000 gallons of excellent water, and is expected to supply 111,000,000 gallons per day to the Metropolitan District. The dam site is distant about thirty-five miles from Boston. The water will be conducted through an immense aqueduct, that tunnels hills and bridges rivers a distance of 13.48 miles, till it reaches a point where it enters the basin of a part of the present supply system of Boston. The surface of the new reservoir will be 385 feet above high-water mark in Boston Harbor. The dam will be across a narrow gorge, a maximum distance of 1250 feet, and a maximum height of 149 feet.

This action on the part of the State, novel in its conception, and stupendous in its engineering problems and possibilities, is the result of much research by the State Board of Health in the matter of finding a suitable water-supply for all time for Boston and surrounding cities. It is authorized by a special and voluminous act of Legislature. The first estimate of the cost was $25,327,800, and the State has authority to float forty-year bonds aggregating about $20,000,000 to carry on the work and to settle claims. The State carries on the work. It confiscates the property; it settles damages; it builds the big dam; it constructs the aqueduct; it tunnels the hills; it lays out and builds many miles of highways and railroads to take the places of those to be flooded out. The towns and cities that are to use the water will settle, later, *pro rata*.

This immense reservoir is expected to supply the greatest possible demands for water from the towns in the Metropolitan District for a term variously estimated at from twenty to forty years after its completion, six years hence. Should a further supply be necessary, there is an inexhaustible source to the westward, in the valleys of the Ware and Swift rivers, easily made tributary to the Nashua system. So Boston's water-supply seems settled for all time.

The Quinapoxet, or, as it is more commonly known, the south branch of the Nashua River, is the source of supply for the reservoir. The dam will be about three thousand feet south of the immense Lancaster gingham-mills, in Clinton, spanning the mill-pond at its narrowest point, where the water is 45 feet in depth. The gorge is much like that at the new Croton works, and the dam is to be in many respects similar.

The aqueduct is to take the water at near the present water-level of the mill-pond, and conduct it to the Sudbury basin. This aqueduct will be 11 feet 4 inches wide by 10 feet 5 inches high, with a capacity of 300,000,000 gallons a day. For nearly two miles, at the upper end, it tunnels rocky hills. Then, to the distance of 8.87 miles, through Berlin and Northborough, it is a concrete-cased tube of hard brick laid in Portland cement. The rest of the way it is an open channel.

During last summer and fall work was in progress on the tunnel and the aqueduct line below, giving work to 3000 laborers. Work on the tunnel progresses through the winter. In the early summer work on the dam will begin, and possibly the work of "stripping" the basin, furnishing employment to at least 10,000 men.

At one point, southeast from the dam, and for a long distance on the northerly side, the hills of the water-shed are not as high as the reservoir will be. This will make necessary the construction of immense dikes, to a height 15 feet above the proposed water-level. To build these dikes a large quantity of material will be taken from the surface of the basin; for it is proposed to "strip" it to the depth of from six to fifteen inches over the entire area. The material so procured will be removed to the dikes on lines of railroad built for the purpose. The base of the big dike will be half a mile thick, and so will slope almost imperceptibly to the top, which will be broad and level, and probably will be used for road-beds. The face of the dikes will be rubbled.

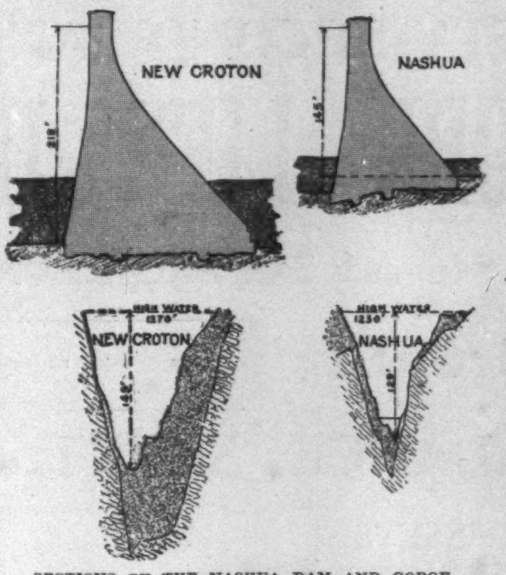
The work of destruction begins at tide-water of the Merrimac River, into which the Nashua flows. The mill-owners all along both rivers will have claims for damages, which the State of Massachusetts must pay. In Clinton the water-power of the Lancaster Mills, a corporation employing 2250 hands, will be ruined, though there is a special provision in the statute requiring the delivery of 12,000,000 gallons a week to this corporation at the level of its present dam. Above Clinton the ruin is widespread.

Boylston is first. Its mill village, Sawyers Mills, will be 100 feet under water. Forty-six dwellings, including the corporation houses, with a church and three school-houses, are below the death-line. A total of $165,200 taxable property, as estimated, or thirty-nine per cent. of all in the town, must be confiscated.

West Boylston, with its two mill villages, lies directly in the valley. In the main part, West Boylston proper, churches, school-houses, mills—all must go. Chief among the industries to be drowned out is the large Clarendon mill, which manufactures cotton cloth and employs several hundred persons. The water will be from 40 to 75 feet deep over this village. In the village of Oakdale is the large woollen-mill of the West Boylston Manufacturing Co. It is near the upper end of the reservoir, and the water will reach only as high as the second story of the big mill; but the mill must go, and the State must pay a cool million or more on its departure. Within the corporate limits of West Boylston, 157 dwellings, three churches, and four school-houses must be destroyed. The entire taxable value of the town is $951,610. Of this sixty per cent., or $557,730, has been condemned.

So great is the prospective loss to property in these two towns that the State has provided a fund which is to be used for the support of the poor and to pay town debts, under certain provisions, as it is considered unjust to compel towns so greatly diminished in property holdings to support paupers who have become town charges, and to pay debts contracted when the towns had much greater valuations.

A law, entirely without precedent in the United States, was enacted by the Massachusetts Legislature of 1896, providing that the State shall pay to such employees of the mills to be taken as were employed at the time of the passage of the act authorizing the construction of the reservoir an amount equal to six months' wages if the employees



SECTIONS OF THE NASHUA DAM AND GORGE,
Compared with Sections of the New Croton Dam and Gorge.

are still at work for the same parties at the time the mills are actually confiscated by the State.

In Clinton, otherwise than as above mentioned, and in Sterling, the direct property damage is small. Within two weeks, however, Clinton has taken action looking to the introduction, into the Legislature of 1897, of a bill enabling the town to recover on account of "prospective damage" likely to result from the fact that building the new reservoir will stop all but an insignificant part of the flow of the water in the Nashua River. Clinton has 12,000 inhabitants. The sewage of the town flows into the river about a mile below the proposed reservoir dam. When the water is shut off, this is sure to cause a nuisance to the towns below. The State will be called upon to assume responsibility for any such damage.

The Central Massachusetts Railroad runs through the Nashua Valley. The water will cover 6.56 miles of its tracks,

(*Continued on page 69.*)

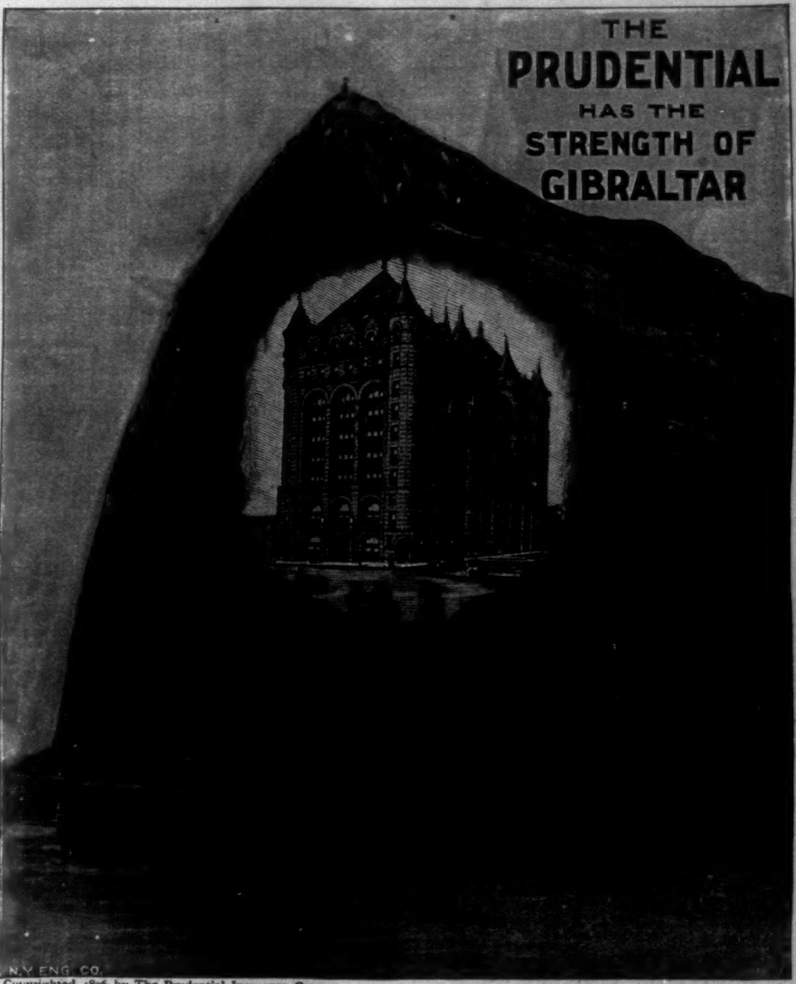
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

MOST people's systems run down once in a while. ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS runs them up again. At druggists', grocers', and wine merchants'.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T be deceived by fraudulent impositions. DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS—the only genuine.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS 25 CTS



Copyrighted, 1896, by The Prudential Insurance Co.

The Massive Building Pictured Above is Owned and Occupied by

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF AMERICA,

As its Home Office, at Newark, New Jersey,

From which is conducted its vast business of Life Insurance for Men, Women and Children

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

The Shawknit Stockings

Containing No Bunches and No Perceptible Seams, constructed in accordance with the shape of the Human Foot, and knitted from the Best of Yarns, are

The Nicest-Fitting, Longest-Wearing, and Most Comfortable.

Coarse, Fine and Extra-Fine (half-hose), in solid colors and mixtures, for Men and Youths; Super-Stout (hose) in Black, for Boys and Girls.

Look for *Shawknit* on the toe.

Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers.

Descriptive Price-List to any applicant. **Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass.**

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $109,000,000. Assets, $29,500,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, - - - - - - President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1897.

ASSETS.

United States Bonds ($10,515,766) and State, City, County, and other Bonds ($98,262,767); cost of all, $103,865,862; market value	$108,778,533
Bonds and Mortgages (908 first liens)	37,509,910
Real estate (92 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	16,852,400
Policy-holders' loans and liens on their policies, held as security (legal reserve thereon, $9,500,000)	5,972,778
Deposits in Trust Companies and banks, at interest	5,401,000
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, etc. ($3,704,730, cost value), market value, December 31, 1896	4,668,335
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in liabilities	2,582,378
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums not yet due, reserve charged in liabilities	1,980,529
Interest and rents due and accrued	1,422,730
Premium Notes on policies in force (reserve charged in liabilities, $2,500,000)	1,023,613
Loans on stocks and bonds (market value, $1,352,403)	984,200
Total	$187,176,406

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per attached certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$158,115,938
All other Liabilities: Policy claims in process of payment, extra reserve voluntarily held, annuities and endowments awaiting settlement	2,378,472
Surplus (per attached certificate Insurance Superintendent) December 31st, 1896	26,681,996
Total	$187,176,406

CASH INCOME, 1896.

Premiums on new insurances ($121,564,987)	$4,752,934	
Premiums on new annuities	1,263,324	
Total new premiums	$6,016,258	
Renewal Premiums	25,121,818	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$31,138,076
Interest, etc.		7,298,862
Rents		702,620
Total		$39,139,558

EXPENDITURES, 1896.

Paid for losses, endowments, and annuities	$13,310,766
Paid for dividends and surrender values	5,172,855
Commissions on new business of $121,564,987, medical examiners' fees, and inspection of risks	3,099,036
Home and branch office expenses, taxes, advertising, equipment account, telegraph, postage, commissions on $705,251,661 of old business, and miscellaneous expenditures	4,816,298
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	12,740,603
Total	$39,139,558

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In force December 31st, 1895	277,693	$799,027,329
New Insurances Paid for, 1896	54,389	121,564,987
Old Insurances revived, 1896	652	1,830,500
Old Insurances increased, 1896	......	417,378
TOTALS	332,734	$922,840,194
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS: By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, etc	32,949	96,023,546
IN FORCE, DEC. 31, 1896	299,785	$826,816,648
Gain in 1896 in the United States	32,000	$34,800,000
New Applications Declined in 1896	7,103	18,684,383

COMPARISON FOR FIVE YEARS.

(1891-1896.)

	Dec. 31st, 1891.	Dec. 31st, 1896.	Gain in Five Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$187,176,406	$61,229,116
Surplus	15,141,023	26,657,332	11,516,309
Income	31,854,194	39,139,558	7,285,364
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,165,269	904,929
Number of Policy-holders	182,803	299,785	116,982
Insurance in force (premiums paid)	$575,689,649	$826,816,648	$251,126,999

Certificate of Superintendent, State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 9th, 1897.

I, JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1896, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at FOUR PER CENT. interest, and I find the net value thereof, on the said 31st day of December, 1896, to be

$158,115,938.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, from its Annual Statement for Dec. 31st, 1896, filed in this Department, the NET SURPLUS TO POLICY-HOLDERS is shown to be

$26,681,996.

on the basis of ADMITTED ASSETS **$187,176,406.**

after deducting therefrom the NET RESERVE ($158,115,938) as calculated by this Department, and all other Liabilities ($2,378,472.00).

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

[L. S.] JAMES F. PIERCE, Superintendent of Insurance.

(*Continued from page 67.*)

the greatest depth being 92 feet, at Sawyers Mills. The State must furnish the railroad company a new location, and must build it tracks to replace those to be destroyed.

Within the reservoir limits are 19.21 miles of town and county highways which the State must make good. Immense bridges spanning the reservoir at its narrow points are thus added to the engineering problems.

The entire work of construction, together with the apportionment of damages and settlement of all claims, is under the supervision of a special commission appointed by the Governor of the State. The engineering department has headquarters at Clinton, where a substantial new department building has just been completed. In each town where property is to be confiscated three appraisers are selected, who inspect the property separately, and make their several reports to the commissioners. In the mean time the commission's official photographer has taken a view of each building in the section. The property-owners are waited on, and an offer is made to each. If they are willing to settle, they get their cash. If not, they have recourse to the courts.

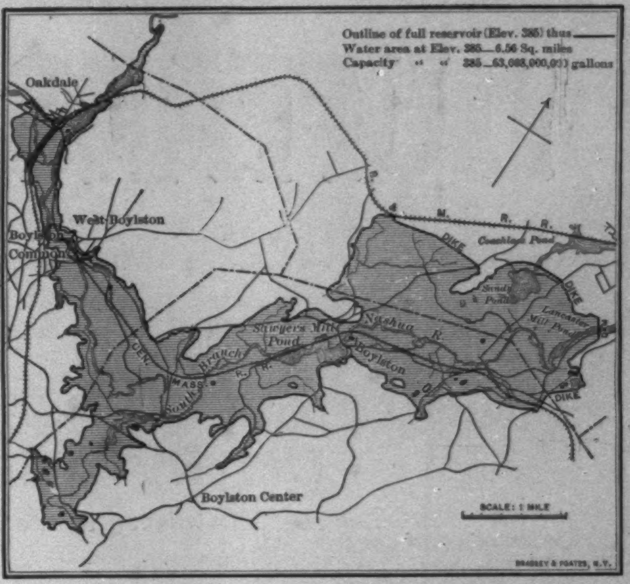
In effecting settlements the appraisers and commissioners are expected to take into consideration prospective or cumulative damages, such as might result to a storekeeper from being compelled to give up an established business, or whose customers might be compelled to move away. One marked case of an application of this rule is in the town of Northborough, where a market-gardener has a valuable asparagus-bed directly on the line of the aqueduct. It takes six years for a bed to reach its most productive stage. He is likely to get $2000 cumulative damages.

It would be hard to find a community so depressed as are the residents of the section to be flooded. They are simply "staying" till they shall have to go. The people talk reservoir all day, day after day. Not a nail is driven to repair a building unless absolutely necessary. Farmers are "skinning" their lands. Such crops as can be raised with little outlay of labor or for fertilizer are raised. Every tree that will yield firewood or lumber is being felled. Gloom pervades. Red marks on trees and buildings show where the high-water mark will be, and ever remind the inhabitants of the destruction that is inevitable.

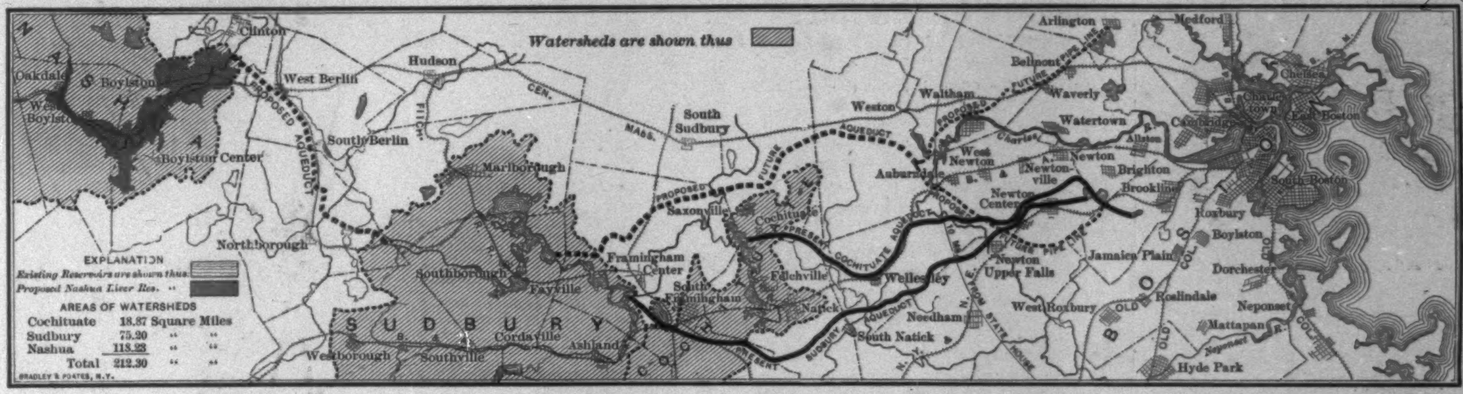
Below Clinton, on the lines of the tunnel and aqueduct, the scenes have been different. New villages, with an undesirable class of population, have sprung up. The tunnel men are mostly colored laborers from the South, whose one joy in life is to "shoot craps" when not working. On the excavating, below, the employés are mostly Italians. They live in mud huts, work by day, and fight by night. Two murders have resulted within a few months, and another man lies at death's door, while brawls and stabbings have been numerous. The State has had to establish a metropolitan police force to patrol the section and to protect the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

The aqueduct death-roll for the season numbers nine names. Four men were killed by an explosion of dynamite in the tunnel. Two other deaths were accidental. The other deaths are chargeable to camp disagreements, with a single exception, one workman having died a natural death.

An interesting plan in connection with the great undertaking is a proposition to utilize the immense water-power to be developed by the passage of the water through the aqueduct. A series of turbine-wheels will capture the energy; electricity will be generated and used for power, for heating, and for lighting. This is one of the theoretical possibilities. CHARLES H. BEMIS.



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED RESERVOIR ON THE NASHUA RIVER.



MAP OF THE PRESENT AND PROPOSED WORKS FOR SUPPLYING WATER FROM THE NASHUA, SUDBURY, AND COCHITUATE WATERSHEDS.

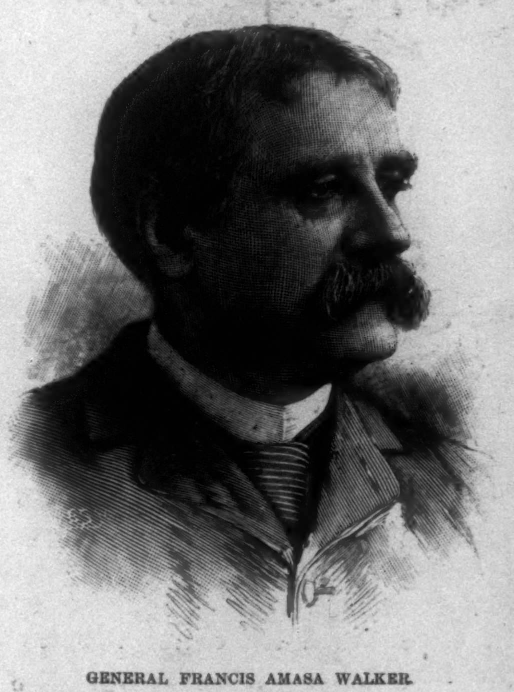
GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER.

THE news of the sudden death of General Francis Amasa Walker, early on the morning of January 4, was received with something like consternation in Boston, and with marked attention and regret in all parts of the country. He was but fifty-six years old, had already been conspicuously active for quarter of a century among the leaders of contemporary civilization, and promised to continue and expand labors of widely recognized usefulness for several decades still to come. His career is remarkable in the scope and variety of the tasks he essayed, and the extraordinary amount of important work that he accomplished. He was born in Boston on July 2, 1840. His father, Amasa Walker, was a self-educated man, who by force of energy and intelligence had won distinction as a writer on political economy, filled professorships at Oberlin and Amherst, and represented a Massachusetts district in Congress. The son's boyhood was spent at North Brookfield, Massachusetts. He was graduated from Amherst in 1860, and began at once to study law in the office of Charles Devens and George F. Hoar, in Worcester. When the war broke out he enlisted, and entered the service as sergeant in Colonel Devens's regiment. He was very soon appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and filled that place first on General Couch's staff, and afterward on General Hancock's, with fidelity and distinction. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, was active in the battles of the Wilderness and many other engagements, and was taken prisoner at Reams Station. Confinement in Libby Prison so demoralized his health that when he was exchanged in January, 1865, having then the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, he resigned his appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Army Corps. He afterward wrote a history of this corps.

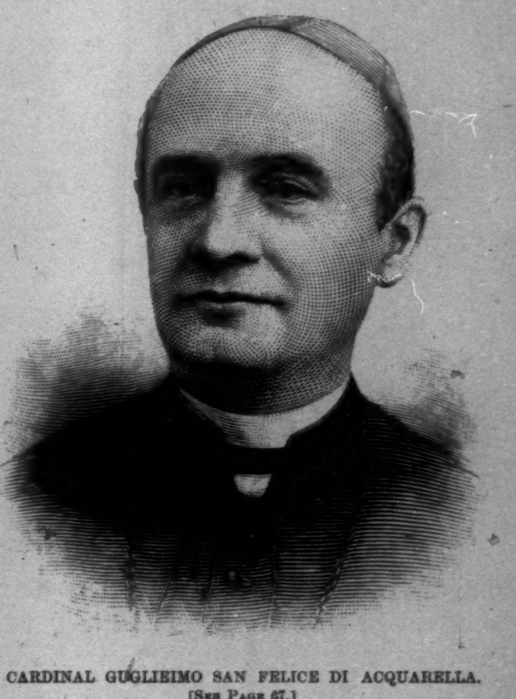
After remaining at home long enough to regain his health, he taught for two years at Williston Seminary, at Easthampton, going from there to Springfield to be assistant editor of the *Republican*, where he continued until appointed chief of Bureau of Statistics by President Grant. His remarkable efficiency in that office caused him to be appointed superintendent of the United States census of 1870. That labor he performed with marked distinction and success, displaying not only great abilities as a statistician, but remarkable powers as an organizer—a capacity which had doubtless been developed by his war experiences. The census which he managed was the best that had been taken up to that time, and a great improvement on all former ones, though by no means all that he sought to make it. In 1871 he was appointed Indian Commissioner, and showed exceptional efficiency in that office, which he held only one year, as in 1872 he accepted the Professorship of Political Economy and History in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. In this chair he continued until 1880, when he took the position of supervisor of the United States census of that year, which work was still unfinished when, in 1881, he was elected President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Finishing his work on the census, he bent his energies to the building up of the Institute of Technology, and with so much success that his work as its President must be regarded as the chief achievement of his career. He revised, increased, and widened the courses of study, and put the institution in the very front rank of schools of its kind.

Personally popular, and exceedingly acceptable to students in his dealings with them, and able and far-sighted in his educational purposes and methods, General Walker saw the institute outgrow its old quarters, and swell from a school of 300 students to one of 1200, with buildings and apparatus proportionately amplified.

Whatever General Walker's vocation at any time might be, he always seemed to have avocations in which he spent his surplus energy. During the fifteen years in which he was the busy President of the Institute of Technology he found time for effective work in many other directions, though allied in some measure with his principal task. He was a very noted writer on political economy, his books on that theme being perhaps the most widely known, read, and, in some particulars, disputed of any American scholar. He was always concerned in public matters, was a frequent and popular speaker, a Lowell lecturer, and the orator of such occasions as the annual Phi Beta Kappa meeting at Harvard and the reunions of veterans. For two years he was a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, and for a short time a lecturer on political economy at Harvard. He was an officer of many statistical and scientific societies, president of St. Botolph's Club of Boston, an LL.D. of Amherst College and of Columbia, Yale, Harvard, St. Andrews, and Dublin universities, and very widely known and respected abroad. He went to Paris in 1878 as United States Commissioner to the International Monetary Conference. He was a strong advocate of international bimetallism, but disapproved the recent effort to force unlimited silver coinage upon this country, and disavowed all sympathy with it. Among his best known works are *The Wages Question, Money, Money in its Relations to Trade and Industry, Land and its Rent, The Manual Laboring Class, Political Economy,* and *International Bimetallism.*



GENERAL FRANCIS AMASA WALKER.



CARDINAL GUGLIEIMO SAN FELICE DI ACQUARELLA.
[SEE PAGE 67.]

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Disintegrates, Breaks Down, and Eliminates Stone in the Kidney or Bladder, Both Uric Acid and Phosphatic Formations.

ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

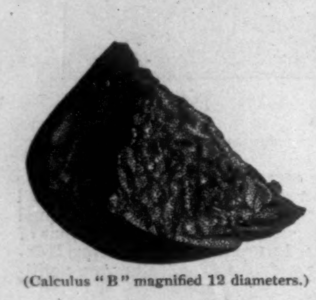
Dr. R. OGDEN DOREMUS,

Professor of Chemistry in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York.

Chemical Laboratory, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, East 26th St., New York. New York, Dec. 3, 1896.

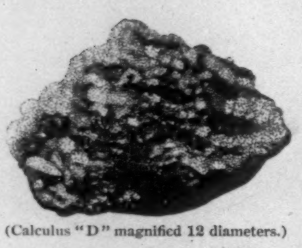
E. C. LAIRD, M.D., *Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.*

(Calculus "A" magnified 12 diameters.)



(Calculus "B" magnified 12 diameters.)

(Collection "C" magnified 20 diameters.)



(Calculus "D" magnified 12 diameters.)

DEAR DOCTOR: I have received the five collections of **disintegrated Calculi,** each collection containing a number of **fragments,** and also the three boxes, each containing a single calculus, mentioned in your letter as discharged by different patients under treatment by the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2.

I have analyzed and photographed parts of each specimen, and designated them alphabetically.

One of the Calculi from the collection marked "A" was 3/16 of an inch in diameter, of an orange color, and on section exhibited a nucleus, surrounded by nine concentric layers of a crystalline structure, as shown in the accompanying photograph, marked "A," magnified 12 diameters.

On chemical analysis it was found to consist of **Uric Acid** (colored by organic substances from the urine), with traces of Ammonium Urate and Calcium Oxalate.

A **fragment** of a **broken down calculus** from the same collection was found to consist of **Uric Acid.**

One of the **fragments,** taken at random from the collection marked "B," which was **still more disintegrated** than the preceding one, proved on analysis to be composed chiefly of **Uric Acid** and Ammonium Urate, with a trace of Calcium Oxalate. See accompanying photograph "B," magnified 12 diameters.

The contents of the boxes marked "C" consisted chiefly of whitish crystalline materials.

On microscopic examination they exhibited well-defined prismatic crystals, characteristic of **"Triple Phosphates,"** as shown in the accompanying photograph "C," magnified 20 diameters.

On chemical analysis they were found to consist of Magnesium and Ammonium Phosphate (Triple Phosphate), Calcium Phosphate, Calcium Carbonate—a trace, Sodium and Potassium Salts in traces, Uric Acid and Urates none, Calcium Oxalate none, Organic debris in considerable quantity, and matters foreign to Calculi.

The **fragments** of Calculi in the collection marked "D" were numerous and of sizes varying from small **fragments** to 1/8 of an inch in length by 3/16 of an inch in width and 5/16 of an inch in thickness. I enclose a photograph of one of them marked "D," magnified 12 diameters. Some of the **fragments** were white and others gray in color.

On chemical analysis they were found to consist partly of the variety known as **"Fusible Calculus,"** Ammonium and Magnesium Phosphate with Calcium Phosphate, also Calcium Phosphate, Calcium Carbonate in traces, Calcium Oxalate in traces, **Uric Acid** in traces, and organic matter.

The collection of Calculi marked "E" were nodulated, and nearly spherical in shape, consisting of crystalline layers from 3/8 of an inch to 1/4 of an inch in diameter. See accompanying photograph "E" of a specimen magnified 12 diameters.

They were of a brown color, and on analysis proved to be chiefly **Uric Acid,** with some Ammonium Urate and traces of organic matter.

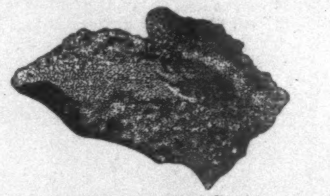
The Calculus marked "F" was of a light-brown color, nodulated, hard, brittle, and nearly cylindrical, 1/4 inch long and 1/8 of an inch wide. It consisted of Calcium Oxalate, with some organic matter which gave it color. See photograph "F," magnified 12 diameters.

The Calculus marked "G" was of a light-brown color, irregular in form, nodulated, hard, crystalline, and in layers. It was 3/8 of an inch long and 1/4 inch in diameter. It consisted of Calcium Oxalate and some coloring matter. See photograph "G," magnified 12 diameters.

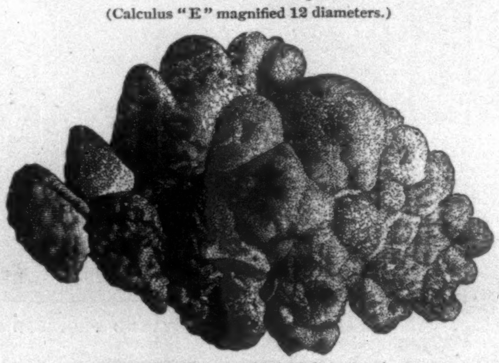
The Calculus marked "H" was of a very light-brown color and semi-transparent, nodulated, very irregular in form, crystalline and hard. It was 3/8 of an inch long, 1/4 inch wide, and 3/16 of an inch thick. It consisted of Calcium Oxalate, and a very small amount of coloring matter. See photograph "H," magnified 12 diameters.

Yours respectfully,

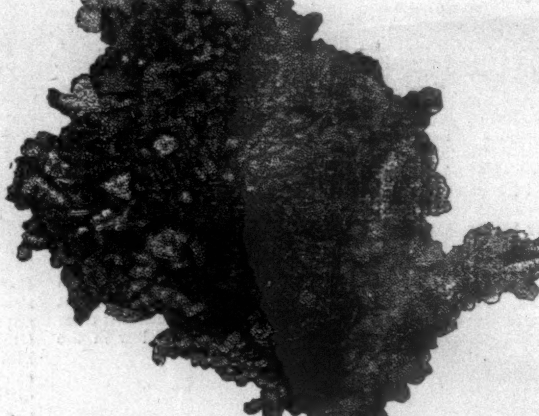
R. OGDEN DOREMUS.



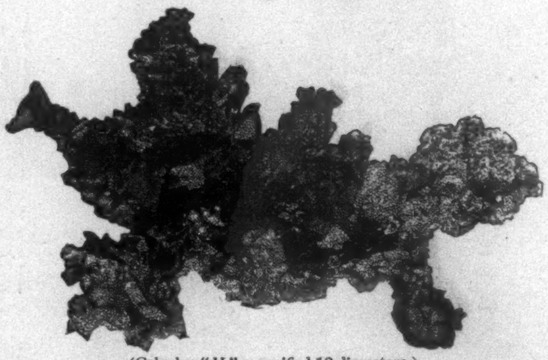
(Calculus "E" magnified 12 diameters.)



(Calculus "F" magnified 12 diameters.)



(Calculus "G" magnified 12 diameters.)



(Calculus "H" magnified 12 diameters.)

It is known, to all medical men at least, that Uric Acid causes Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Gout, Rheumatism, Eczema, certain forms of Dyspepsia and Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, etc., etc. This being the case, it goes without saying that an agent that dissolves and eliminates Uric Acid from the blood must be a potent remedy in these and all other ills (and they are many) having their origin in an excess of Uric Acid in the blood.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application. PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

Arnold Constable & Co

LINENS.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

Table Linens.

Cloths, Napkins, Doylies, Lunch and Tea Cloths,
4-4 Linen Sheetings, Pillow-Case Linens.

TOWELS and TOWELLINGS.

Hemmed Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Blankets, Flannels, Quilts.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

New Fiction

THE GRAY MAN
A Novel. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," etc. Illustrated by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE DWARFS' TAILOR
And Other Fairy Tales. Collected by ZOE DANA UNDERHILL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

FRANCES WALDEAUX
A Novel. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Author of "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," etc. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

ALONE IN CHINA
And Other Stories. By JULIAN RALPH, Author of "People We Pass," "Dixie," etc. Illustrated by C. D. WELDON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER
A Story of the Youth of George Washington. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

RICK DALE
A Story of the Northwest Coast. By KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Snow-Shoes and Sledges." Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

IN THE FIRST PERSON
A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL, Author of "Mrs. Gerald," "Against Human Nature," "Roweny in Boston," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A REBELLIOUS HEROINE
A Story. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges, $1 25.

SOLOMON CROW'S CHRISTMAS POCKETS
And Other Tales. By RUTH MCENERY STUART. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK
And Other Stories. By M. E. M. DAVIS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

BLACK DIAMONDS
A Novel. By MAURUS JÓKAI. Translated by FRANCES A. GERARD. With a Photogravure Portrait of the Author. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. In "The Odd Number Series."

GREEN FIRE
A Romance. By FIONA MACLEOD. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS
Two Stories: "Two Mormons from Muddlety," "Alfred's Wife." By LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

TOMALYN'S QUEST
A Novel. By G. B. BURGIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

CLARISSA FURIOSA
A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "Billy Bellew," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

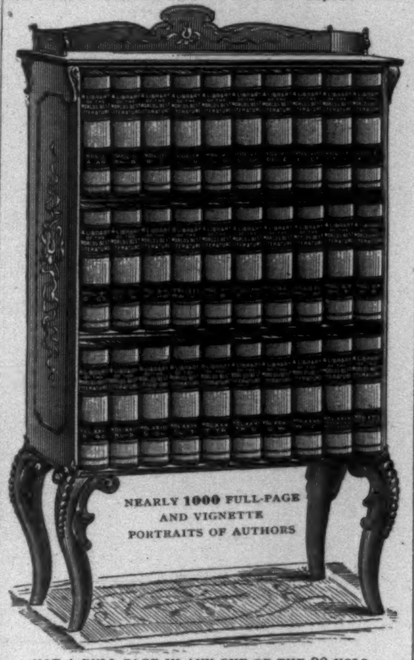
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

Club Closes This Month

And Prices will Positively be Advanced

It is but a few weeks since HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB announced an exceptional opportunity for securing at about half the regular price the greatest of all literary works yet attempted.

30 ROYAL OCTAVO VOLS. NEARLY 20,000 PAGES.



NEARLY 1000 FULL-PAGE AND VIGNETTE PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS

NOT A DULL PAGE IN ANY ONE OF THE 30 VOLS.

Club One positively closes this month, and the price will be at once advanced. NOW is your very best opportunity to secure that important new work,

Library of the World's Best Literature

Being a comprehensive survey of all writers, speakers, and thinkers, ancient and modern, with their master-productions, and with hundreds of elaborate essays on great authors and great books by leading literary critics of this country and Europe.

Editor-in-Chief
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Associate Editors
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE
GEORGE H. WARNER

Assisted by
AN ADVISORY COUNCIL
Selected from
YALE, HARVARD, COLUMBIA, and LEADING UNIVERSITIES

This great Library is to Literature what the Encyclopædia Britannica is to the Arts and Sciences.

A Delight to Scholars—A Liberal Education

To Each and Every Member of the Family

The Elaborate Essays alone are worth many times the cost of the entire thirty volumes. Every Home should possess this superb new work, which covers the whole world of Poetry, Romance, History, Biography, Oratory, etc., etc., from the dawn of time to the present day.

PRICES Greatly Reduced to Harper's Weekly Club Members.

	Regular Price per Volume.	Price to Members of the Club.	Total Amount Saved.
Cloth Edition,	$3.00,	$1.60,	$42.00
Quarter Russia,	3.50,	1.90,	48.00
Half Morocco,	4.00,	2.20,	54.00
Full " (Extra)	5.50,	3.20,	69.00

NOTICE This Club will close during the present month, and as memberships are being taken up rapidly, it is safest to order at once, as the right is reserved to close the Club immediately WITHOUT NOTICE.

How to Join the Club.

On receipt of $3 ($2 to cover membership fee in HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB, and $1 as first payment on the Library), your name will be enrolled for whichever edition you select, and the volumes already issued will be sent you at once—the others to follow at brief intervals. Owing to the extremely low price at which the work is supplied to members, the cost of delivery must be paid by the purchaser. Since the initial payment is only $3 in any case, be sure to state which edition you desire. WE ESPECIALLY RECOMMEND THE HALF-MOROCCO STYLE, which is rich, handsome, and will last a lifetime—important considerations in a work for permanent possession and study. Balance on set arranged in monthly payments so small that subscribers will hardly feel the outlay. *If not entirely satisfactory the volumes may be returned within 10 days and money will be promptly refunded.*

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB, Headquarters, 91-93 Fifth Ave., New York.
C. L. BOWMAN, Manager.

ONE MONTH'S FOREIGN ORDERS

175 Machines for RUSSIA.
15 " " Shanghai, China.
10 " " Germany.
1 " " East Africa.
1 " " Java.
12 " " Bombay, India.
15 " " New Zealand.

Why Don't You Try a

"DAUGHERTY-VISIBLE"?

Find Out How
and Get a Catalogue from

THE DAUGHERTY TYPEWRITER CO.
P. O. Box 18, Kittanning, Pa.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. S. M'CLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

Winter Resorts

Matchless in Every Feature!

CALIFORNIA

Three tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS

of the highest grade in every particular.

Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg: First tour, $310; second tour, $350; third tour, $210. From Boston: First tour, $315; second, $355; third, $220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

Duplicate Whist

simple as the old game with

KALAMAZOO WHIST TRAYS *Used by Leading Whist Clubs*

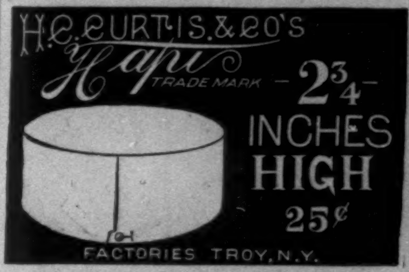
SIMPLEST TO OPERATE
Kalamazoo Ideal Whist Trays
ASK STATIONER, OR
Ihling Bros. & Everard, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MONITOR AND MOGUL

MARINE GAS ENGINES.

NO INSPECTION, BOILER, FIRE, HEAT, SMOKE OR ODOR.

MONITOR VAPOR ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



FOR SALE.—A winter home at Tallahassee, Florida. Fine house of ten rooms, in perfect condition, having just been entirely refinished. Gas and city water. Beautiful grounds, finely planted. Price, $7000. Terms to suit. GEO. W. J. BISSELL, 715 Liberty Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

HORSE STABLES Keep perfectly dry and free from offensive odors by using our Stable Drainers, $1.00 per stall. Circulars free. AMERICAN FLOOR DRAIN CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the list of the highest-grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO., Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL